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"unwept and unhonoured," but at least "unsung." An Etonian and an Oxford man, he was successively a parson, a tutor, an author and a publisher; but he succeeded—as the world deems success—in nothing.

MR. PAUL found the Church at first too narrow and ultimately too broad for him; as a master at Eton his theological opinions stood in his way; translations of *Faust* and A'Kempis and biographies of William Godwin and Mary Woolstonecraft, did not pay; as a publisher his evil genius prompted him to sever his connection with such men as Robert Louis Stevenson, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith just before they became really popular. *Sic nos non nobis* might have been his motto while in Paternoster Row. He had raised Tennyson's yearly income until it became unprofitable to publish for that great poet, and when he converted his business into a limited company he lost the *Nineteenth Century*, too. All these reverses, however, seemed to be felt less acutely by Mr. Paul than by his friends.

AN abridgement of the *Journal of John Wesley*, by Mr. Percy Livingstone Parker, is to be issued in the course of a few weeks by Messrs. Isbister. The *Journal*, as hitherto published in its entirety, has been too costly and cumbrous to be within the reach of everyone, and the present Editor's design has been to present it in such a form as, without in any way sacrificing the continuity of the narrative, shall allow it to become the companion of admirers of Wesley.

The Literary Week.

THIS week one hundred and six years ago—July 26, 1796—a quaint notice of the death of Robert Burns appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*. The subjoined extracts are not without interest just now: "The public, to whose amusement Robert Burns has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered them useless to himself and his family. . . . It is proposed to publish some time hence a posthumous volume of the poetical remains of Robert Burns, for the benefit of the author's family. . . . It is hoped that, in the meantime, none of his original productions will be communicated to the public through the channel of newspapers or magazines, so as to injure the sale of the intended publications."

In another column we review the life of a man of varied accomplishments and considerable social charm who, however, had failed to take that place in the world to which his many friends thought him entitled. Charles Kegan Paul was a scholar, a theologian, possessed of a sound literary style and some business experience, and withal a polished man of the world; but he is departed not

In their recent advertisements of the second edition of Mr. Charles Major's novel *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* the Macmillan Company have called public attention to the fact that since one hundred thousand copies of this novel have been sold two novels bearing almost exactly similar titles have been put on the market, and they advise purchasers to make sure that they get the book they pay for.

MR. HENRY FROWDE will publish shortly in this country and in the United States the first instalment of the *Tebtunis Papyri*, found by Dr. B. P. Grenfell and Dr. A. S. Hunt at Ummel Baragât in the south of the Fayûm, and edited by them, with the assistance of Mr. J. Gilbert Smyly. This volume deals with the papyri in which the mummies of crocodiles were wrapped, and they date from the end of the second or the early part of the first century B.C. The most remarkable characteristic of these papyri is their great size, documents of one hundred or two hundred lines being quite common. Most of these longer texts are of an official character, and provide a wealth of new information regarding the internal history of Egypt under the later Ptolemies. Mrs. Hearst supplied the funds for the excavations on behalf of the University

of California, and this volume inaugurates a series of publications by the University dealing with Egyptian archaeology. The book is being issued conjointly by the Egypt Exploration Fund to subscribers to the Græco-Roman Branch.

THE Lyceum, home of the legitimate, has closed its doors, and last night, the Gaiety, home of the sacred lamp, followed suit. The London theatrical season would be over, were it ever over; but the London theatrical season is continuous in a manner perhaps not matched in any foreign capital, and certainly not matched in Paris, the capital seat of drama. In London there are always half-a-dozen theatres offering hospitality to the unfashionable. In Paris, except the Opéra and the Français, which are closed only during Revolutions and incendiary demolitions, not a single theatre of importance remains open, unless the Folies-dramatiques can be termed a theatre of importance. Even the excellent Ambigu, where they were doing "La Porteuse de Pain," known to the sentimental Saxon as "The Breadcarrier of Paris," has shut itself up. At the Folies-dramatiques the notorious "Billet de Logement," still proves that the wicked flourish. "Le Billet de Logement" being of the school of "The Girl from Maxim's" and "The Giddy Goat," is such a piece as Mr. Redford would certainly license for presentation in London. At the Français, one sees the austere classics which it is well known are so attractive to the provincial, such confections as "Mlle. de la Seiglière" and "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," while at the Opéra "William Tell" and "Aida" supervene. It is curious, by the way, that the experiment of a special autumn operatic season is to be tried simultaneously in London and in Paris. The Covent Garden effort to demonstrate the English as a musical nation begins next month; about the same time a season of opera begins at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt; but Sarah has nothing to do with the affair beyond letting her theatre to the management, doubtless at a comfortable rent.

AN Edinburgh correspondent raises the following Scott mystery: Sir Walter Scott's first public avowal of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels" was made at a theatrical fund dinner in Edinburgh, 23rd February, 1827. He said that upwards of twenty persons had previously been in the secret of the "Great Unknown" and that they had kept their secret very well. In gossiping memoirs dealing with this period one finds shrewd enough guesses, indeed guesses that are true. But how can one account for the biographical preface to a dainty German edition of Scott's Works, published at Twickenham, by the brothers Schumann in 1819, which is signed J. M. F.^d. This writer, whoever he was, who prefaced Volume I., *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, is quite certain as to the authorship, for he says that Scott "enjoys at present the same high character as an historic novelist as that he has acquired as a poet. Since Fielding and Smollett no one has succeeded so well in this branch of literature; the characters in *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Antiquary* and *Tales of My Landlord* are masterpieces of descriptive life, and at a future period, when the historian may be at a loss to describe the state of politics, manners, and society that existed in the first half of last century, he will find in these productions resources to aid his researches, which he will seek in vain for in the works of writers who then lived. . . . These works have appeared without his name to them." Who was this prophetic J. M. F.^d, who was so sure of the authorship? Certainly no such distinct statement was made in print at this date in England. This little volume I. of a German edition of Scott's works, is the property of Dr. Alexander Buchan,

Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, Edinburgh." On this information and the spur of the moment we can suggest only two possible explanations. One is that the date 1819, derived we presume from the title-page alone, is a misprint for 1829. The other is that a Twickenham publisher, living comparatively remote from the literary arena, thought well to deliver as certainty what he had received only as rumour, that the dogmatic character of his statement was due to irresponsibility rather than knowledge. Our first suggestion is, of course, weakened by the fact that J. M. F.^d does not mention any Waverley novel published after the professed date of his edition, 1819. But this might be coincidence.

It might be possible to glean from a dozen contemporary biographies of Scott's contemporaries more than half a dozen instances at least where a shrewd and correct guess had been made as to the authorship of the "Waverley Novels." The Ettrick Shepherd says in his autobiography, when he saw certain words about long and short sheep used near the beginning of the *Black Dwarf*, "How could I be mistaken of the author? It is true Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences."

In our Correspondence column will be found a letter from the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley inviting interest in the international society for the study of Franciscan literature formed at Assisi last month under the presidency of M. Paul Sabatier. We have received a very full prospectus of this society, and some of our readers may be glad to have its main objects, which are as follows:—

1. De fonder à Assise une bibliothèque où toutes les publications ayant un caractère franciscain seront conservées, et où seront collectionnées non seulement les œuvres importantes, mais aussi les brochures, articles, journaux que les grandes bibliothèques ne peuvent pas avoir et qui ont cependant leur utilité.
 2. D'offrir aux écrivains et aux érudits franciscanisants des instruments de travail, dans la cité qui est le centre naturel des études franciscaines.
 3. De mettre immédiatement les érudits étrangers qui viennent à Assise en relations avec les personnes qu'ils ont le plus intérêt à connaître, et qui peuvent le plus efficacement les aider dans leurs recherches.
 4. De travailler à la confection d'un catalogue spécial des manuscrits franciscains des divers pays de l'Europe.
 5. De préparer un *Codex diplomaticus Assisiensis*.
 6. De créer des relations entre Assise et tous les écrivains qui s'occupent de questions concernant cette ville: Critiques d'art, Archéologues, Historiens etc.
- Le but de la Société n'est donc pas seulement l'histoire de S. François, mais l'étude du mouvement franciscain à travers les siècles et de tout ce qui, directement ou indirectement, concerne Assise, ses monuments et son histoire.
- La Société est donc essentiellement scientifique et s'interdit toute incursion dans les questions étrangères à son objet.

In another column we illustrate the frothiness of much of the publishing now being carried on in America. But solid literature is not unknown in the States. Announcement is made by the University of Chicago Press of the appearance of the third of the reprints from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications, the document including *The Isoperimetric Problem on a Given Surface* and *The Second Variation in the So-called Isoperimetric Problems* (25 cents, net), by Dr. Oskar Bolza. This series was planned in connection with the celebration of the completion of the first ten years of the corporate

existence of the University, the purpose being to set forth and exemplify the material and intellectual growth of the institution during the first decade. The series will consist of ten volumes, issued in quarto form.

APROPPOS of the extraordinary queries which find their way into American journals, to which we refer in another column, we extract the following from the *Era* :—

[212.] DEAR SIR ORACLE: I see some of your correspondents are sending in parallelisms of phrase occurring in the great writers. Let me supply an example which has interested me.

Livy, in chapter 39, section 4, of his History, thus characterizes the elder Cato: "He was a person of such versatile talents, and so equally adapted for any and every pursuit, that let him be doing what he would, you would have said it was the very thing for which nature had intended him."

Compare this with Shakespeare :

Floris—What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so, and for the ordering of your affairs.
To sing them too. When you do dance I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

"The Winter's Tale," Act IV., Sc. 3.

Again, Cæsar says: "Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credere"—i.e., "Men in general believe that which they wish"—which is substantially identical with Shakespeare's:—

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

II. "Henry IV.," Act III., Sc. 5.

This is surely running parallelisms more than to death, for in both cases the ideas are common to the thought of every age and every literature. At this rate the libraries of the world might be filled with volumes of parallelisms. Indeed, there was hardly a line ever written which might not be referred by an arid ingenuity to some earlier source.

THE Border Counties Association celebrated the centenary of the birth of Thomas Aird, poet and journalist, at his native Bowden, Roxburghshire, yesterday (25th); there was speechmaking, a dinner at Melrose, and a drive by Tweed-side. The bulk of Thomas Aird's work is relatively small, and is now available in *Poems*, fifth edition, published by Blackwood in 1878, with memoir by Rev. Jardine Wallace Traquair, and a volume of prose sketches and stories, *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*. Aird met the Ettrick Shepherd while tutor at Crosscleuch, Yarrow; in his youth he gained the friendship of Thomas Carlyle, who said of him in regard to his love of nature that "the sight of a whin bush would make Thomas Aird happy for a whole day." Thomas Aird edited for a brief period *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, was introduced to the Blackwood set, although he never was of them in a sense, reviewed Robert Pollok's "Course of Time" for *Blackwood*; and on Prof. Wilson's recommendation—who had been greatly impressed by his "Religious Characteristics"—Aird became editor of the *Dumfriesshire Herald*, to which he gave a strongly literary cast. Here he remained for twenty-eight years; he died in 1876. Dr. Moir (Delta) died beside Aird at Dumfries, and the poet wrote a memoir of his for an edition of his works. Aird opened his columns to the early literary sketches of George Gilfillan, whom he may be said to have discovered. George Gilfillan's "First Gallery of Literary Portraits" mostly

appeared in Aird's newspaper. There are over sixty pages of letters from Gilfillan to Aird, in R. A. Watson's memoir of that divine. Aird had a high reputation as a critic, and for good taste in literature.

THERE reaches us from Berlin a "critical edition" of Chaucer's *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*. The volume presents a kind of orgy of footnotes, an inch or two of text being made to carry four or five inches of annotation: "one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" To the three lines—

Redeth the Bible, and fynde it expresly
Of wyn yeuyng to hem pat han lustise!
Namoore of this, for it may wel suffice—

we find the following notes:—

298. Rede Gl.; bille f. Bible Har.⁵; fyndith Phy., In., Ad.¹; No.; Har.⁴, Pa.; Se.; Ra.², Ad.²; Co., Lan., SL.², Har.², Th.; Pe.-gr. (exc. Bo.¹, Lin., Ph.², Ra.²); redith f. fynde Te.¹; it om. Har.⁴; Ra.²; SL.²; To.; expresse li. — **299.** yeuyng Hen.; Gg.; Har.⁵; Co., Lan., Ne., Cax.; Pe., Del., Lin., Mm., Ph.³, SL.¹, To., Chn.; renyng f. yeuyng Ra.²; of f. to Hat.; Te.¹; Pe.-gr. (exc. Ba., Bo.¹, Lin., Ph.²); yow f. hem Pa., hym Har.⁵; are(n) f. han Pe.-gr., ben Hat.; Ph.², hath No.; Har.², li. — **300.** at f. of Ph.²; I-nough f. wel Gg.; Th.; wel om. Ch., Hod.; Hat.; Pe.-gr.; leaf partly torn Har.⁵, only last words visible, as as l. 304.

"Namoore of this, for it may well suffice!"

A SMALLER and cheaper edition of Mr. J. Foster's *Some Feudal Coats of Arms*, which we noticed some months ago, has just reached us. From it we extract the following unusually neat and amusing lines entitled "The Boast of Heraldry":—

Well do I recollect that distant day
When I was taught the Elegy of Gray
And learnt by heart through many a grudging hour
"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,"
My wont to sit in boyish discontent
And wonder wanly what on earth it meant:

Is it a weird and occult branch of knowledge
Confined to favourites of a fee-famed College?

Or is this Heraldry the private prey
Of each and every callow F.S.A.?

Tell me, ye shelves of Bloomsbury, Bodley, Queen's,
Rich fields wherein the student freely gleans,
Stored with those royal muniments of old
To Heralds trusted and by Heralds sold.
Can these things be? And must the man who seeks
To bring it rescue from the grip of cliques
Prepare himself to face fierce Magazines
Intent to smash him into smithereens,
And must he find himself upon the brink
Of raging torrents of vain-glorious ink?

May he not ever seek to sift the wheat
From out the chaff of Queen Victoria Street,
Or pierce the obscuring crust that ever hardens
Upon the tumid tomes of Whitehall Gardens,
Or dare to doubt the dictum of a sage
Who decorates Archæologia's page.

Is this, again I ask, what is to be
The oft-repeated "boast of Heraldry"?
If it indeed be so, I gravely doubt
If Heraldry has much to boast about!

THERE sometimes reach us, from unexpectedly remote corners of the world, answers to competitions which have in our minds, become ancient history. There comes to us this week from a correspondent in India an attempt at Competition No. 140, which begins:—

Happy the man who "recks the rede"
Of Society most select.
Happy the man who thinks his creed
Can never be reckoned a "Sect."

Such exiled readers have our sincere sympathy. We are sorry that we cannot offer them better opportunities.

WE have received the following clever announcement: "Several attempts have been made recently to discover a treasure known to be hidden in one of the early Norman villages of Northamptonshire. Mr. William Le Quex, who lives near the scene of operations, has taken considerable interest in the search, which has been conducted with a great deal of secrecy, and has perhaps pardonably enough embodied the result in his new story, 'The Tickencote Treasure,' the serial rights of which have been secured by *Tit-Bits*. The opening chapters appear in the Bank Holiday number, ready Thursday, 31st inst. The development of the plot will prove a considerable surprise to the people of the district, who were not permitted to know the really strange discoveries that attended this latest treasure-hunt."

A PATTERN for a blouse drops upon our table from the pages of No. 1 of *Gossip*, a new weekly illustrated paper. Then our eye falls upon a telephone dialogue between Miss Britannia and the *Gossip* office:—

"What are your regular features?"

"News of the week, Political Gossip, a Cartoon, Mr. Alden's contribution, Stageland, a Serial Novel written by one of the best authors of the day, Fashion Gossip by Mrs. Whitley, Practical Dressmaking articles, Children's Pages, Cookery and Toilet articles, Book Reviews, Work and Wages, Sale and Barter columns, &c."

"I hear you make a great feature of your paper patterns?"

"Yes; we have a special . . ."

Ah, that explains it. The serial novel, we may add, is Mr. Pett Ridge's "Erb." "Erb" is "Berminey" for Herbert, and Erb himself is engagingly introduced to us orating on a chair in Southwark Park.

MESSRS. ISBISTER will publish during this month, under the title of *The Empire's Greeting*, a selection of fifty of the best Coronation Odes from amongst the 1,084 sent in from all parts of the world in competition for the £75 prize offered to the readers of *Good Words*. The odes included compositions from the British Isles, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, India, Burma, Ceylon, Cape Colony, Natal, Hong Kong, Singapore, the Federated Malay States, Mauritius, Trinidad, Jamaica, the Bahamas, and Barbados.

Bibliographical.

THE literary atmosphere is naturally full of Alexander Dumas the elder, of whom two new biographies (from English pens) are promised. It is a little surprising that there are so few memoirs of the great man in our language. Mr. Fitzgerald's is admittedly flimsy and inadequate; it

is to be hoped the new ones will be better. Of the popularity of Dumas in England the best proof is found in the record of the English editions of his works. This year we have had a (presumably) fresh translation of his *Black Tulip*—a blameless work, but not especially characteristic of Dumas. Last year there were reprints (in English) of *The Three Musketeers*, *Monte Cristo*, *The Forty-five Guardsmen*, *Marguerite de Valois*, *The Lady of Monsereau*, and *Queen Margot*. In 1900, apparently, nothing was reprinted but *The Three Musketeers*. On the other hand, 1899 was fertile in Dumas' reprints—four of *Twenty Years After*, three of *Monte Cristo*, two of *The Vicomte de Bragelonne*, and one each of *The Black Tulip*, *the Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, *Chicot*, *Louise de la Vallière*, *Marguerite de Valois*, *Memoirs of a Physician*, *The Conspirators*, *The Regent's Daughter*, *The Man in the Iron Mask*, and *The Son of Porthos*. The recent vogue of *The Black Tulip* was accounted for by the production of Mr. Grundy's play at the Haymarket. In general, I should say, Dumas lives in England by virtue of his *Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Years After*, *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, and *Monte Cristo*; the rest have a popularity comparatively limited.

The late Mr. Kegan Paul has not left much original literary work behind him. Putting aside his publications on religious subjects, we find him best represented by his *William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries* (1876), his *Biographical Sketches* (1883), his *On the Wayside* (verses, 1899), and his *Memories* (1899). Next in value and interest come his translations of *Faust* (1873), of Pascal's *Pensées* (1885 and 1889), and of Huysman's *En Route* (1896) and *Cathedral* (1898). He edited Mrs. Godwin's letters to Inlay (1879), and Manning's speeches on temperance. His *Maria Drummond* (1891) and *Confessio Viatoris* (1891) may also be mentioned.

Mr. Toole's "jubilee" as an actor reminds one that his *Reminiscences*, "related by himself and chronicled by Joseph Hatton," appeared so long ago as 1889. The volumes (there were two) were excellently illustrated by Mr. Alfred Bryan and Mr. W. H. Margetson. Why does not Mr. Hatton bring his work down to date and give us a new edition of it? Mr. Toole was seventy last March, and it is not likely, one would say, that he will return to the stage.

The names of some forthcoming novels have a familiar sound. *Barbara's Money* suggests inevitably the *Barbara's History* of Miss A. B. Edwards, while *The Sea Lady* of Mr. H. G. Wells is even more strongly reminiscent of Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." How is it that our imaginative writers are so singularly unimaginative in their title-making?

Our present Laureate once wrote a very trenchant (and unfair) criticism upon his distinguished predecessor. It will be seen that he has gone to one of Tennyson's poems for the title of his new volume of prose—*Haunts of Ancient Peace*. I suppose we may take this as a sort of compliment to the elder Alfred.

I see that a lady publisher thinks of bringing out a serial which is to be called *Gossip*. I wonder if the title has been "copyrighted"! A weekly paper entitled *Gossip* appeared in London about fifteen or sixteen years ago, and I believe the now celebrated Mr. Max Pemberton, novelist and editor, contributed to it—cricket or sporting "gossip" I believe. The paper had other notable contributors. But I daresay the proprietor of the *Gossip* of 1885 will have no desire to obstruct the path of the proprietor of the *Gossip* of 1902.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Character of Kant.

Immanuel Kant: His Life and Doctrine. By Friedrich Paulsen. Translated by J. E. Creighton and Albert Lefevre. (Nimmo. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a translation of a German work which bears a deservedly high reputation. It assembles the result of all recent investigations in Germany, and deals with Kant's philosophy as a whole, giving prominent consideration to its metaphysical and idealistic aspects, instead of confining its attention (as is customary) to the critical side of Kant represented by his most famous book—the *Critique of Pure Reason*. It is, in fact, much more "Doctrine" than "Life"; the life of Kant being accorded comparatively brief space, and very generally treated.

Indeed, the life of Kant presents little for relation. Seldom can even a philosopher have lived a life so withdrawn, so peacefully and entirely concentrated on the one function of thinking and enunciating the results of thought. De Quincey, one of his earliest apostles in England, little literary recluse though he was, eternally reading and dreaming, and sometimes writing, had by comparison a meteoric career. Kant was never outside his native province for a single day, and only for a few early years outside the walls of his native city, Königsberg. Of external events his life has nothing, or as nearly nothing as is possible to anything less confined than a toad in a stone. The father of German philosophy was the son of a poor Königsberg saddler, both father and mother being upright and strongly religious. From a preparatory school he passed to Königsberg University, and after completing his course there (his father being by that time dead) spent some years as private tutor in various families—a course necessitated by his poverty. Then for fifteen years he was private lecturer at the University where he had studied, and afterwards received the ordinary professorship in logic and metaphysics. In that position he lived and died. There is no more to be told. But to teach philosophy then was another matter from what it is in these days of specialism. Logic, metaphysics, and physical geography formed the staple subjects of his lectures; but he also lectured often on moral philosophy, natural law, natural theology, anthropology, theoretical physics, mathematics, and even gave a few lectures on pedagogics, mechanics, and mineralogy. It is a tremendous list, which now would be impossible.

The character of the man was altogether logical, though there was an idealistic tendency beneath it. The Prussian drill-sergeant was in his nature—that severe love of inflexible order, precision, and system which is responsible for modern German militarism. Though the aim of his teaching was to promote a critical vigilance, an independence of systems and the tyranny of authoritative teaching, yet his own mind leaned instinctively to system. His thought was logically constructive, and Prof. Paulsen accuses him of an imperious classification, which fits things to his system rather than his system to things. Significantly, he had no toleration for the ideas of others; he was not even able to understand or enter into them. His pupils were not to depart one tittle from the rigid forms of his teaching as he had himself laid it down. He who was not with him (as regards intellectual matters) was against him, and he who differed from him was necessarily wrong. His very thought, in late years, became fixed: he repeated, unconsciously, the same circuit of ideas. His style is markedly the man. In his earlier days, indeed, he possessed (in Prof. Paulsen's words) "a suggestive and emphatic style, and a happy choice of expression, a pleasant and subtle humour, and had command of a store of conceits." But in the later writings, along with a "stern earnestness and genuineness," systematic completion, and

minute precision of language, there is a terrible sameness, an enormous cumbersomeness; qualifications, and so forth, parenthetically occurring with exhausting profuseness; while, together with Latin inversions, relatives appear at baffling distance from their substantive, for which the reader has to hunt. System, according to Prof. Paulsen, becomes a mania. Hence the proverbial obscurity of Kant, despite—nay, almost because of—his passion for precision and order.

With such a nature and his paramount intellectuality, it is not surprising that he twice meditated marriage and missed the opportunity before he could come to a decision. Yet his mind was not narrow; the charm of his talk, and its wide range of interest, are dwelt upon by everybody. His mode of life was exceedingly characteristic of the personality we have suggested: and it was enhanced by the fact that he was a little, narrow-chested man, with natively feeble constitution, which needed careful management. The drill-sergeant shows in all his actions. One knows the typical professor in the novels, who lives with the precision of a machine, and regulates all his habits with clock-work exactness according to the dictates of science and hygiene. Most of us have thought him an arbitrary and improbable creation. But Kant was that professor to the life. Here is the account of his manner of spending the day, as quoted by De Quincey, whose description usefully fills the gap left by Prof. Paulsen's generalised sketch.

No sooner was dinner ready than Lampe, the Professor's old footman, stepped into the study with a certain measured air and announced it. This summons was obeyed at a pace of double-quick time, Kant talking all the way about the state of the weather. . . . The moment that Kant had taken his seat and unfolded his napkin, he opened the business of the hour with a particular formula, "Now then, gentlemen!" . . . The whole entertainment was seasoned with the overflow of his enlightened mind, poured out naturally and unaffectedly upon every topic, as the chances of conversation suggested it; and the time flew rapidly away, from one o'clock to four, five, or even later, profitably and delightfully. . . . He drew from every guest his peculiar tastes or the particular direction of his pursuits; and upon these, be they what they might, he was never unprepared to speak with knowledge, and with the interest of an observer. . . . It was rarely or never that he directed the conversation to any branch of the philosophy founded by himself.

After dinner Kant walked out for exercise, but never took any companion; partly, perhaps, . . . to pursue his meditations, and partly that he wished to breathe exclusively through his nostrils, which he could not do if he were obliged to open his mouth continually in conversation. By a steady perseverance in this practice he flattered himself with a long immunity from coughs and colds, &c., and the fact was that these attacked him very rarely.

Is not that last detail after the very manner of the professor in fiction? Another detail, almost inhuman in its resolute conformity to the philosophic dictates of reason, is his behaviour towards friends who were ill. While their illness lasted he was restless in his inquiries, and could scarcely pursue his studies for anxiety. But if they died, he at once assumed an air of stern tranquillity—almost indifference. It was then useless to trouble oneself further, he explained, since the matter was ended and could not be mended.

Returning from his walk, he sat down to his library table, and read till dusk. During this state of repose he took his station winter and summer by the stove, looking through the window at the old tower of Lobenicht . . . At length some poplars shot up to such a height as to obscure the tower, upon which Kant became very uneasy and restless, and found himself positively unable to pursue his evening meditations, till the proprietor of the garden, learning the fact, gave orders for the poplars to be cropped.

That is again the professor of fiction. But the detail which would best lend itself to the purpose of the novelist,

desirous to exhibit a conventional eccentric man of science, is Kant's method of going to bed :—

A quarter of an hour before retiring to rest he withdrew his mind from every thought requiring exertion, in order not to disturb his ready falling asleep—a circumstance which greatly disturbed him, but seldom chanced. He undressed himself without his servant's help; but in such order, that he was always ready at a moment's warning to make his appearance without embarrassment. He lay down on a mattress, and wrapped himself in a quilt—in summer of cotton, in autumn of wool, in winter using both; and in severe cold one of eider-down. Long practice had taught him a very dexterous mode of *nesting* himself in the bedclothes. First of all he sat down on the bedside; then with an agile motion he vaulted obliquely into his lair; next he drew one corner of the bed-clothes under his left shoulder, and passing it below his back, brought it round so as to rest under his right shoulder; fourthly, by a peculiar *tour d'adresse*, he operated on the other corner in the same way; and finally contrived to roll it round his whole person . . . Packed up in this way for the night, he would often ejaculate to himself—"Is it possible to conceive a human being with more perfect health than myself?" . . . No uneasy passion ever arose to excite him, no care to harass, nor pain to awake him. In deep winter his bed-room had no fire. If he had to leave his bed, he guided himself by a rope attached to the bed-post and carried into the next room.

The final touch concerning the guide-rope completes the picture of a machine-regulated existence. One is not surprised to learn that he never perspired, and took special precautions to prevent any drop of the dreaded humidity. It seems appropriate to this dry, unimpassioned intellect, as though the mind communicated its condition to the body. Living with such military precision, he died with a military phrase on his lips. A friend that rearranged his pillows, and remarked, "Now, my dear Sir, you are again in right order." "Yes, *testudine et facie*," he answered, and then: "Ready for the enemy and in battle array." So, in order as he had lived, he met the great enemy.

Prof. Paulsen's exposition of the great philosopher's doctrines is singularly able, clear, and coherent. The man who has read it will face the formidable Kantian style with far better chances of comprehension than would be his unaided. And the translation is excellent and idiomatic. It will do much to stimulate English interest in a philosopher much neglected since the days when Coleridge was his eloquent prophet.

Shakespeare's Words.

A Glossary to the Works of William Shakespeare. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Revised by Harold Littledale. (Sonnenschein.)

MORE than thirty years have lapsed since Alexander Dyce produced this excellent glossary as a companion to his edition of Shakespeare's works, yet the intervening labours of scholars and critics have left it valuable. It is still, perhaps, the best and most attractive work of its kind for earnest, though not highly accomplished, students. Schmidt's great *Lexicon* and Bartlett's *Concordance* have majestically risen, but these have merely converted Dyce's work into an admirable stepping-stone. Mr. Littledale's revision is not the less reverent because it has involved the divorcement of Dyce's glossary from his edition of Shakespeare. Dyce made the one to fit the other, so that the references in his glossary could with difficulty be applied to any other and more popular edition of the plays. Moreover his manner of giving the references was not too helpful. Mr. Littledale has changed all this. He has altered every one of the quotations and references to conform with the Globe text, following Schmidt and Bartlett. By this he has not only enhanced the usefulness

of the glossary, but has done his own part to remedy the familiar inconvenience caused by the different numbering of Shakespeare's lines by various editors. Mr. Littledale's plea for some working agreement in this matter should be taken to heart by publishers. For the rest Mr. Littledale has "carefully weighed Dyce's explanations and illustrations, has cut out a few things, compressed some diffuse utterances, and tried to bring the book up to date generally. He has also inserted a number of new short articles, and offered his own interpretations occasionally."

That Shakespeare should be read at first without a commentary is old and sound advice. As a matter of fact he is universally read and quoted by people who pay little or no attention to commentaries, just because they are preoccupied with his magic of phrase and cadence. This involves the curious fact that many a man who has for a life-time gloried in a given passage from the plays would be quite unable to expound it in detail. Yet there is nothing singular in this absolute acceptance of Shakespeare's uncomprehended words as the right words. It is the glory of genius to convince without being understood, as it is the glory of the right word to fulfil its psychological office even where its lower offices are not perceived. Take the phrase "the blood-boltered Banquo." In whose memory does it not linger?

A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more: and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Nay, now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.

Now even Shakespeare had to choose and reject words, and it is certain that the word he needed in this instance was not easily and obviously "blood-boltered." Boltered was, and is, a Warwickshire word with sordid associations. When a sheep perspires much, and its wool becomes matted into tufts by grime or sweat, the animal is said to be "boltered"; and again, if blood has issued from a wound, matting and clotting the hair or wool, that animal is said to be "blood-boltered." To-day to "bolter" means, in Warwickshire, to daub, dirty, or begrime. A saddler refused to black the linen lining of a harness-collar, though he had been told to do so, because the colouring would "bolter" the horse. This occurred within eight miles of Stratford-on-Avon. The word, in short, was of mean account; it belonged to the semi-technical speech, stables, and sheep-shearings. But when Shakespeare sought a word to describe the ghost of him who had been struck down in the untimeliest hour of night, while the rains threatened, a word, too, that might crown a speech of crescent horror, falling on the ear like the knell of an infamous deed, appealing to the eye like an embodied reproach, he there and then wrote "the blood-bolter'd Banquo." The deification of a word was never more complete.

To turn these pages is merely to deepen the sense of Shakespeare's extraordinary dealings with life and language, and to multiply examples of the way in which his word has often out-flown its meaning, yet homes itself in men's hearts. It may be doubted whether even such a phrase as "fancy-free" is exactly understood by thousands who know it in Oberon's exquisite speech—supposed to be a compliment to Queen Elizabeth—where fancy means love :—

A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the West,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred-thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery Moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

In "Troilus and Cressida," Shakespeare defines the word by using it with "love":—

Never did a young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.

There is perhaps no word in Shakespeare which requires more attention than "fancy." It is love, of course, pure and simple in Bassanio's song to Portia:—

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

And in other passages, such as Malvolio's speech: "Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it would be one of my complexion." No doubt in the last two examples "fancy" denotes a light love unburdened as yet by its effects, but no such limitation can be advanced in the case of Troilus' speech. And even with this limitation the phrase fancy-free in Oberon's beautiful speech connotes less by half than the "fancy-free" in Stevenson's essay on "Talk and Talkers": "While literature, gagged with linsey-woolsey, can only deal with a fraction of the life of man; talk goes fancy-free, and may call a spade a spade." Here fancy-free means free to fancy; in Shakespeare it means this and also free from "fancy." The truth is, that Shakespeare is almost alone in using "fancy" in the sense of love, and that when he does so it is usually, as in the mouth of Troilus, with irony, or, as in the mouth of Oberon, with playfulness.

We might linger long among these delightful keys to Shakespeare's mind and art, but space forbids. Not the least interesting pages are those which deal with allusions to contemporary London life, as, for instance, Moth's reference to "the dancing horse" in his nonsense with Armado: "Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink," and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you." This learned animal was Marocco, alluded to by many writers of the time. His owner, a Scotchman named Bankes, taught him to perform tricks which would amaze a modern circus-master. His most remarkable exploit was his ascending to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1600. The story goes that after astonishing all Europe, Marocco and his master were brought to the stake at Rome, "burned for one witch" as Ben Jonson had it. Similarly, to Sir Toby Belch's allusion to Mistress Mall's picture is attached an interesting account of Mary Frith (Mall Cutpurse), the most notorious woman of her day, although, as has been argued by several scholars, it is doubtful whether Shakespeare could have had her in mind. Master Shallow's claim to have been "Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show" precipitates a very interesting account of the archery contests at Mile End Green in which the Dukes of Shoreditch figured. Something more up-to-date might have been added to the note on Crosby Place, and it is surprising to find Mr. Littledale quoting with apparent approval the old derivation of "London" from "Lud's-town."

Great Short Stories.

Selections from the World's Greatest Short Stories. By Sherwin Cody. (Chicago: McClurg.)

This volume, "illustrative of the history of short story writing, with critical and historical comments," comes from the land where the magazine tale enjoys its greatest

vogue, and where the art and craft of the short story is practically taught in "many schools and colleges," including chiefly the University of Chicago. Mr. Cody says: "It is believed that a book like the present volume will prove useful alike to the student at home and the student in organised classes." Apparently, therefore, we are to regard it as a sort of text-book. Mr. Cody's credentials for his task are that some years ago he put forth (not so much wrote as "put forth") "the first systematic treatise on the art of short story-writing," and that he had "an hour's chat" on the subject with Mr. W. E. Henley in 1895. "In recent years," he remarks, the art of the short story has developed into "something very definite indeed." It has come to be "a matter of conscious art almost as much as poetry, or the drama or sculpture." And, "Laws have been discovered which the short story writer must obey," though "in novel writing this is not the case—as yet." It is a pity that Mr. Cody does not state these laws discovered since the publication of his previous book. However, we have to thank him for a definition of Art, namely, "skill in displaying knowledge of human nature to advantage;" also for the dictum that "both genius and art are utterly barren unless united, and the greatness to which they give birth is usually measured by the harmony and completeness of their union." This sentence, we fancy, should be read for the rhythm alone, as Walter Pater read Anthony Wood's diary. His development of the definition of art just quoted leads to some pretty argufying, which may be summarised thus:—

"Art is skill in displaying knowledge of human nature."

"The world grows in knowledge of human nature."

Therefore: "A story of transcendent interest to one age becomes the merest commonplace to the next."

And, the world has "in part already outgrown Virgil and Homer."

And, "In time the world will outgrow even Shakespeare."

It is a long while before we arrive at settlement of that vexed question: What is the essential difference between a short story and a novel? But we do arrive at it, on page 321. "A short story has but one character whose life (either physical or mental) is materially altered by the event, while a novel represents the collision of several characters who alter each other's lives." This simple statement of course explains why Kipling's *The Courting of Dinah Shadd* is a novel, and why George Moore's *Esther Waters* is a short story. Mr. Cody's brilliant generalities run through the entire volume. The last of them is this: "All art really gains power and loses nothing by its limitations."

Here is a list of short story writers, and of short stories:—

Cervantes	-	<i>The Liberal Lover.</i>
Scott	-	<i>Wandering Willie's Tale.</i>
de Vigny	-	<i>Servitudes et Grandeurs Militaires.</i>
Merimée	-	<i>Carmen.</i>
Turgenev	-	<i>A Lear of the Steps.</i>
Hoffman	-	<i>The Cremona Violin.</i>
Flaubert	-	<i>Un Cœur Simple.</i>
Tolstoi	-	<i>The Death of Ivan Ilych.</i>
Daudet	-	<i>La Dernière Classe.</i>
Henry James	-	<i>The Madonna of the Future.</i>
H. G. Wells	-	<i>The Star.</i>
Joseph Conrad	-	<i>Youth.</i>

This list of works by eight dead and four living writers presents but a very fragmentary view of the development of the short story, but it contains nothing save first-class stuff, and sundry of its items are supreme of their kind. It is not, however, Mr. Cody's list. For Mr. Cody's list absolutely excludes all these twelve authors. Indeed, with the exception of Turgenev and Tolstoi, he makes no

reference whatever to any of them in his critical and historical comments. His choice results as follows:—

Boccaccio	-	<i>Patient Griselda.</i>
Arabian Nights	-	<i>Aladdin.</i>
Irving	-	<i>Rip van Winkle.</i>
Balzac	-	<i>A Passion in the Desert.</i>
Dickens	-	<i>A Child's Dream of a Star.</i>
"	-	<i>A Christmas Carol</i> (in its lecture form).
Thackeray	-	<i>A Princess's Tragedy</i> (from <i>Barry Lyndon</i>).
Poe	-	<i>The Gold Bug.</i>
Hawthorne	-	<i>The Great Stone Face.</i>
de Maupassant	-	<i>The Necklace.</i>
"	-	<i>The String.</i>
Kipling	-	<i>The Man who would be King.</i>
Barrie	-	<i>How Gavin Birse Put It to May Lowmie.</i>
Morrison	-	<i>On the Stairs.</i>

Most of the tales are good; but the Balzac, the two de Maupassants, and the Poe are very badly selected from the works of those authors, and the last two have no business at all in any museum of "The World's Greatest."

Mr. Cody writes a brief expository note to each story, and we are bound to admit that we have seldom perused literary criticism with such relish. Most of the Decameron, he says, is "unreadable to-day." But, "Prose has its rhythm as well as music and poetry—[Peace hath her victories as well as war—] and in *Patient Griselda* we find a long gentle undulation and a total absence of the staccato-like variations of the more modern short-story." And touching *Griselda* herself, he remarks: "There is probably not one woman in a hundred in modern times who, if she were treated as *Griselda* was, would not invoke the courts. Yet there are some who will bear almost anything for the sake of peace." *Aladdin* brings him to the subject of romance, high romance. He bursts forth in ecstasy:—"Romance takes us out of ourselves and makes us free spirits of the hour. It is one of the greatest blessings of life; and the fact that the mere printed pages of a book can do this to-day shows the marvellous advancement of the average intelligence in modern times."

Washington Irving reminds him of prose style. "That intangible something known as 'prose style,'" he remarks, "was a contribution to English literature made by the essayists, whose art rose with Addison, Steele, Swift, Goldsmith, and Johnson, reached its climax in Lamb, with special developments in Macaulay and De Quincey, and has since sunk into desuetude." We picture the shades of Sir Thomas Browne and R. L. Stevenson weeping together in the frozen zone of Mr. Cody's contemptuous neglect. In the next story, Balzac's *A Passion in the Desert*, he leaves prose style for the more elemental question of love. "Although there is no woman in the story, nevertheless we find an innocent and purified study of sexual passion and feminine caprice and character (by reflection in the tiger) which leaves the oftentimes bald vulgarity of the Decameron far behind in its essential interest." But Dickens forces him back to prose. "Modern writers have found means to produce all the effects of poetry in prose, and have even proved that in its possibilities of expression prose is vastly superior to verse." (No doubt we shall soon be hearing of these writers from across the Atlantic.) However, Dickens was "lacking in the musical element." But not Thackeray. "The first thing that strikes us in Thackeray is the even, musical flow of his sentences, his words tripping along with never an ungraceful angle." Mr. Cody does not reconcile this with his pregnant remark that *A Princess's Tragedy* has "all the elements of the blood-and-thunder dime novel, but Thackeray's reserve, as well as his art, raises it into a drama awful and majestic."

As to Poe, "*The Gold Bug* . . . wears better than *Aladdin* because it is so much more finely wrought." Poe was "a purely intellectual being." (Else how could he have written *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Raven*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Maelstrom*, and other syllogisms?) He is also "the American Inventor." In estimating Hawthorne, Mr. Cody himself shows the possibilities of prose as a medium of expression: "Poetry has always been apt in blending the noble and lofty in moral sentiment with the element of beauty; and in Hawthorne we find the ancient fable clothed most naturally and gracefully with the poet's cloud of fancy and splendour of colour."

Lastly, Mr. Barrie is a "realist." ("One of the devices of realism is dialect.") And Mr. Morrison's story "is not a great one in itself, but its cleverness is fascinating to the student of literary art."

We close this compendium of fatuities with regret.

Studies in Mysticism.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. By Edward Hutton. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE studies of Mr. Hutton's have a fascination quite outside the fascination of their subjects. We know, only too well, how equally well-intentioned writers have rendered arid and almost mean the records of lives full of the fine and gracious things of the spirit. In dealing with the struggles and quietnesses, the agonies and beatitudes, of these men and women who drew near to their conception of the divine likeness through such various temperaments and by such diverse ways, it is necessary to approach them not only sympathetically but also with something of the mystical passion, of the concentration of imagination, which were theirs. The saints, for the most part, did not become saints by reason of their perfected humanity; it was rather by the abnegation of that humanity and a scornful hatred of the flesh. They did not conceive—perhaps, indeed, never comprehended—that the body might be a worthy dwelling for the soul; it was rather an obscene dungeon, a place of mire and fetters. At first sight it appears strange that the hearts of men should have been so touched by lives so utterly divorced from what we call the joy of life. Our admiration and allegiance are won not by the austerities, but by the profound faithfulness, of these children of the spiritual heights. They appeal to us because we recognise in them the fixity of an ideal followed with a logic often as terrible as it is beautiful. Mr. Hutton sets before his introduction the majestic words "Terrible as an army with banners," words which sum up quite vitally not a little of the essence of the lives of the saints.

In the science of mysticism—to some minds almost an exact science—we find, says Mr. Hutton, "scarcely beauty at all, only a kind of tragedy whose end we cannot see—a tragedy that is really after all only a comedy, so that it should end happily." He continues:—

And mysticism, regarded rightly not as the hysterical profession of those who in contemplating some bleeding Christ have lost that temperance and sanity which it is the profound business of criticism to preserve, but regarded as the hard and crystallised logic of some mighty argument, is really not a beautiful thing at all, in that almost its first requirement is a denial of life, a dislike and contempt for the beauty of the world. . . . So they have trained the soul till it has become the enemy of the body, and we are a house divided against itself. All the labour of the Greeks cannot withstand their proclamation of eternal war; and so that union between the body and the soul which the ancients were so anxious to maintain is destroyed and the soul is at enmity with the body that in the end it utterly destroys. . . . Deliberately they torture that frail and

exquisite beauty, and seeing that already the dead so far outnumber the living, become enamoured of a little grave in which to hide a body that hinders them so sweetly in their flight towards immortality.

These studies, as we have said, are more than sympathetic—they are subtle and often beautiful interpretations of those moods which brooding turned to actions, actions so marvellous in effect as those of St. Teresa and of St. Ignatius Loyola. Of the dozen essays which the volume contains perhaps those on the Saints just named are the best, though it is difficult to select where all is good. Mr. Hutton writes as one fully alive to the restlessness and the honesty, as well as the vagueness and the lassitude, of much of the thought of our time concerning matters which those "profound and mysterious beings" held to be eternally fixed. His attitude is that of the faithful, who in contemplating these tortured lives is permitted to ask, "Is there, then, no more excellent way?" He is attracted by those often rare touches of pure humanity which sometimes make men as little children at the feet of those whom otherwise they would never have understood:—

St. Francis singing over the Umbrian Hills, St. Lidwid flying over the ice with her playfellows through the thin cold air of Holland, the longing for an overwhelming love in the heart of Blessed Angela of Foligno, so that she hears Christ say, "I love thee more than any woman in the valley of Spoleto," it is these things that remain with us when the rules and victories of St. Teresa or the visions of St. John of the Cross are forgotten, or remembered only as some discord in an exquisite piece of music. Is then the way to Heaven so sharp? Ah, he who is so anxious for death, and makes his war on the body with so little relenting, has perhaps won to quite another heaven than that in which the Prince of Life is King.

And here is the purely personal and beautiful conclusion of the whole matter:—

And if my thoughts run ever upon them who for some great thing have given up the world, it is perhaps because I too must one day sacrifice all that appears so precious now, and for no great cause but from necessity. . . . Though a bright angel came from heaven with news of some delectable world lovelier past all compare than ours, though I could be assured of this, and made certain, I would, if I could, forego it, and hold a little closer to my own, and look a little longer on the sunset and think of the cool night. . . . Yet I cannot decide to-day. I am too happy. It is necessary to become a little quiet ere one can nerve oneself for the great renouement. Can a man ever really decide? Not in one day, nor in many days nor in a whole life. Meantime my garden waits.

As our quotations show, Mr. Hutton has a delicate feeling for words, combined with slight mannerisms which might easily develop into fixed and rather irritating habits. It is easy to detect his literary masters—more easy in many passages than in those which we have selected—and they are masters to be followed with caution. Of these Pater would seem to be chief. Mr. Hutton has a good deal of that faculty for shades of expression which the author of *Marius the Epicurean* so pre-eminently possessed. But it is not primarily for its art that this volume should be commended; it should rather be valued as a serious and reverent effort to interpret the minds of certain of the masters of the spirit.

Judges in the Dock.

Terrors of the Law. By Francis Watt. (Lane. 5s.)

GREAT lawyers are seldom interesting men. Who wants to meet Coke in Heaven? Yet Coke upon earth—and Lyttleton—was in his way unsurpassed. Even the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who was rather a great advocate than a great lawyer, has small personal interest to the ordinary reader of a biography. One would have thought that the judge who has been a barrister, and touched

hundreds of lives at their crises, could supply a more intimate view of life than even the watchful journalist. But the greater the lawyer the narrower his view. That is the conclusion to which we must come. Bacon's name will, of course, occur; but then Bacon's infamy, and not his fame, is connected with the law. In our own day Montagu Williams could see and reproduce the human drama which passed before his eyes. But he died as a police-court magistrate. It would not be easy to point to any man on the bench to-day—if this may be said without contempt of court—who is interesting apart from his knowledge of law, though there are one or two who attract attention by their ignorance of it. Generally speaking the successful lawyer looks at life through the law reports, and it is only the unsuccessful barrister who owes his failure to his breadth of view, and his personal interest to the same cause.

But Mr. Watt has put together a trio of judges—two of them come from Scotland—who have always had that personal interest attached to them which results in popular stories and often in popular libels—Jeffreys, whose Christian name is "Bloody," Mackenzie, whose fore-name is the same though Scotland spells it "Bluidy," and Macqueen, later Lord Braxfield, who was the original Weir of Hermiston. There is no bond of connection between the trio but that of general execration, and Mr. Watt thinks the execration undeserved. Jeffreys, of course, has been carefully whitewashed by Mr. H. B. Irving; but even now the portrait of him in the popular mind is doubtless that of a red-faced, sixty-year old, furious and merciless debauchee. Kneller's portrait tells a different tale of Jeffreys when he was thirty and Recorder of London. It is a refined, pleasant face of a young man. Seven years later he was Lord Chancellor, and in another four years, before he was one-and-forty, he was dead. It is that famous Western circuit which lives in popular memory. But one should remember, too, the scene at Bristol. The Corporation of Bristol had a trick of terrifying petty criminals into asking for transportation, and then selling them as slaves to the plantations. Jeffreys made the mayor and his fellows get down from their seats and plead as criminals at the bar.

Round Braxfield many stories have circled, most of them untrue. He was a dour judge of the High Court at Edinburgh, and, as Mr. Watt says, "knew Scots law, but had no other learning." He seems to have been quite unconscious that David Hume, Adam Smith and Walter Scott were all in Edinburgh with him, and "it was said that after his law-books he had probably read nothing but filth." He did not say to a prisoner: "Ye'll be none the waur o' a hangin'," nor did he sentence an old chess opponent to death with the addition—"That's checkmate noo, Matthew!" But these stories give the suggestion of the man, and though Stevenson does not use these he invents even more characteristic ones for the Weir of Hermiston who was suggested by Braxfield, though he flourished some years after Braxfield was dead. You may remember the remark as to the Christian cook: "I want Christian broth! Get me a lass that can plain-boil a potato, if she was a whiure off the streets." Mr. Watt has succeeded in finding three lawyers who are interesting off the bench, and has written very pleasantly about them.

Other New Books.

A Book of Verses.

Rainbows. By Olive Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas). (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE is, in these new poems by Miss Custance, a good deal which is pleasing in manner and expression, as well as a good deal of sentiment, even passion, which is markedly sincere. But there is also a vagueness of outline

and of thought, a flow of words and images unrealised or only half-realised, which continually give us pause. We find ourselves in a questioning attitude with regard to nearly every poem in the slender volume: we pause to search our own impressions for confirmations of the author's, particularly in matters connected with the moods and expressions of nature, and often we find her quite astray or forcing metaphors for mere metaphor's sake. Now the appreciation of a true lyric should be instant and entire; it should be accepted as we accept a bird's song or the scent of a flower. It is impossible so to accept many of these verses of Miss Custance.

The first stanza of "A Song to Beauty" runs thus:—

Sweet! I have seen the argent moon astray
In crimson meadows of the morning sky,
Watched by the jealous Night too sad to fly
Before the bright relentless sword of day.
So, your pale lovers see you pass them by.

Here we begin to question at once. "Crimson meadows" is obviously not good, nor can we conceive that at the period of dawn indicated the "jealous Night" can be said to watch. The fourth line is a commonplace of verse, and from the last we can gather no clear impression at all. The rest of the poem is better, although it contains such a line as "The wild-rose whiteness of your body fair," which is an echo of echoes. Similarly Miss Custance is too fond of such threadbare expressions as "the red rose of your mouth," and once she has the truly horrible simile of a "mouth like a red wound." It is a simile which recurs continually in neurotic verse, and each time we dislike it more. Again, take these three stanzas from "April Twilight":—

The skies are grey, the streets are grey,
Twilight walks softly through the streets,
Against the golden veils of day
With weary silver wings she beats.
So every amber veil is rent
And standing here I watch the night
Close round the city like a tent,
While all the lamps grow bright
What strange, mad things our fancies are
When darkness spreads and life stands still,
Each lamp-post with its yellow star
Is like a monstrous daffodil.

Once more we begin to question. "Golden veils of day" is clearly not truly descriptive, nor can we see how "every amber veil is rent"; there is not the smallest approximation to rending in the approaches of the night. The "monstrous daffodil" of the last stanza is startling, but no more. The "yellow star" kills it, as it were, for a yellow star, though it might possibly be compared with a simple daffodil, is certainly not in the least like a "monstrous" one.

On the other hand, there are things in the volume tender and true enough, charged with delicate feeling, if curiously unequal and wayward in expression. Let us close with this concise and graceful quatrain: it stands alone and is called "The Dreamer":—

Your heart, an angel out of reach,
Escapes the world's control,
Life cannot trouble with its speed
The trances of your soul.

It is for such simplicity and directness that Miss Custance should strive.

With the Guards' Brigade. By the Rev. E. P. Lowry.
(Marshall & Son. 5s.)

MR. LOWRY was the senior Wesleyan Chaplain with the South African Field Force, and he is already known by his *Chaplains in Khaki* and *From Pretoria to Aldershot*. In this volume he deals with the work of the

Guards from Bloemfontein to Koomati Poort and back, or from the triumphal occupation of the Orange River capital till after the time of the breaking up of the Guards' Brigade. Mr. Lowry does not allow us to forget that he is a chaplain, and therefore there are many pages which the average reader will frankly skip, but the book is so honestly and simply written that it will be read with interest. The great advantage of a book written by a Nonconformist chaplain is that it is very difficult, if not impossible, for those who have been traducing our soldiers to refuse his evidence. He says that partly owing to the work done by the Soldiers' Christian Association, and partly as the result of Lord Roberts' prohibition of liquor, our army became the most sober army Europe ever put into the field, and again that through all the weary time of waiting at Bloemfontein our troops were as temperate as Turks, and much more chaste, so that the soldiers' own pet laureate is reported to have declared that this outing of our army in South Africa was none other than a huge Sunday school treat. He also quotes the words of a German officer who was taken prisoner when fighting for the Boers: "Tommy Atkins is a wonderful, merry, good-hearted chap, always full of fun and good spirits, and he behaves very kind towards the prisoners." The testimonial from the man of peace to the man of war is to be found all through Mr. Lowry's book.

The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey. By Mrs. A. Murray Smith. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THIS book is an account of the Abbey which is less bulky than Dean Stanley's *Memorials* or the author's *Annals*, and more comprehensive than her *Deanery Guide*. It contains an enormous amount of information, but as the paper is light and the print clear, if not over-large, it is a convenient volume to hold and carry about. The *Memorials* and the *Annals* are for the study, and the *Deanery Guide* is for the Abbey itself, but this *Roll Call* is so happily planned and executed as to serve for either. The mighty dead of the Abbey are described chapter by chapter, each group by itself, and not as the tombs happen to come. Chapters are given to, among others, the Plantagenets, the House of Lancaster, the Tudors and the Stuarts, Naval and Military Heroes, the Poets, the Actors, the other learned professions, the Musicians, and the Politicians. This method of grouping has its advantages, and the very clear plans at the end of the volume show exactly where each one's tomb stands. The photographic illustrations are also very good.

Progress of India, Japan and China in the Century. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart. (Chambers. 5s.)

DURING the closing years of the last century the regions of the world began to have a more scientific classification assigned to them than was possible in the earlier days of geography. It is now realised that the countries of the Far East, the most important of which are the three Empires dealt with in this book, are but fractions of one great problem, and therefore it is quite right that they should be included in one volume of the "Nineteenth Century Series." The last hundred years have been eventful for each of the great Empires. In India, says Sir Richard, progress has taken place after a conquest by the British, who established there an administration as elaborate as could be formed with all the means of Western civilisation; it must therefore be attributed to the conquerors. In Japan the progress was brought about by events from without, yet it was afterwards voluntarily undertaken by the Japanese, and is being carried out by them with a suddenness and a rapidity of which history furnishes no other example. In China a movement which perhaps

had been beginning before 1830 has proceeded since 1830, that is, for seven out of the ten decades of the century, so disastrously that each decade has been but a landmark of progress in a fatal direction. This is in brief the theme which Sir Richard Temple elaborates in this useful volume, which thus gives a short but comprehensive sketch of the Far East through a most momentous period. There is a supplementary chapter treating of the events of last year, and a chronological table and an index demand the gratitude of all students.

Essays on Historical Chemistry. By T. S. Thorpe, C.B., LL.D., F.R.S. (Macmillan.)

THE first edition of this collection of lectures, addresses, reviews, and essays was published in 1894. The present edition is enlarged by sundry compositions of a later date, and the total number of items is now eighteen. Dr. Thorpe has a style which well suits the Principal of a Government Laboratory. He is all things to all men, and whether he is discoursing, in a memorial sense, upon Hermann Kopp to the Fellows of the Chemical Society, or reviewing a book for the *Manchester Guardian*, or talking about the progress of synthetical chemistry in the language of University Extension to the eager members of the Sutton Coldfield Institute, he is equally at home. It must be said that the lectures read very well; they have a literary quality which, however, must have been somewhat difficult to the listening ear. Dr. Thorpe has some of the pettinesses of the scholar. He cannot refrain from the dreadful habit of recondite allusiveness—a habit which is pardonable in Messrs. Andrew Lang and Augustine Birrell, but in none else. And his descriptive epithets sometimes have that quality of waggishness combined with conscious stateliness which, in a lecture, moves the hearer to rise and fling his chair in the direction of the platform. As thus—"A very learned Frenchman, René des Cartes." That phrase alone brings up the whole scene of the free evening lecture on Robert Boyle, "delivered in connection with the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington in 1876." But such things are perhaps inseparable from the art and craft of lecturing. Dr. Thorpe displays a minute and various learning in a lucid but not an attractive manner. His productions are unexceptionable, but they are often dull. It may be that he is lacking in historical imagination. Certainly he has contrived to eliminate human interest almost entirely from these episodes in the history of chemistry. But it is easier to cavil at such a book as this than to put it in the wrong. The volume is a serious and honest affair, the fruit of much labour and knowledge.

The Genealogical Magazine, Vol. V. (Elliot Stock.)

THE half-yearly volumes of the *Genealogical Magazine* are storehouses of Family History, Heraldry, and Pedigrees, and of late a good deal of attention has been paid to royal descents. One that is of some general interest to literary men is that of the Arnolds of Rugby, who are first of all traced by Mr. Lionel Cresswell from Edward I. through the Norfolks and the Wyndhams, by several female lines. This genealogy, however, appears to be incorrect among the Spekes and Chudleighs, and consequently in this same volume Mr. Cresswell substitutes a royal descent from Edward III., through the Bouchiers, Chichesters, and Fortescues. With regard to the royal descent from Edward I. through the Wyndhams, the present head of the family, Wyndham of Dinton, descends in unbroken male succession from Sir John Wyndham and Margaret Howard, who was seventh in descent from King Edward I. In this volume tables of descents from the Tudors and the Stuarts are also given, and much useful information on the Demise of the Crowns and Coronations.

Fiction.

Love with Honour. By Charles Marriott. (Lane. 6s.)

ALL who care for buoyant writing, lively characterisation, and a knowledge of many things not commonly familiar to novelists, will welcome a new book by Mr. Charles Marriott. This, his second venture in fiction, is staidier than *The Column*, and less romantic. He has come to grips with his imagination, made it more subservient to actual observation of life and character, and that without losing the fresh outlook upon life, and the personal pleasure in his work that make him so pleasant a companion. Sorrow and tragedy come into the book, but they do not depress, for the note of the story is high spirits, and frank pleasure in the passing show. And it is original. The hero is a photographer.

Mark Surtees was his name and he was "a big little man." The phrase was Hermann Fischer's, Mark's friend, a German Jew, a notable person though a minor character, sketched in with a few firm touches. Mr. Marriott never fumbles with his minor characters. Indeed he treats them with such consideration that they are apt to push the story aside, and claim all our attention. Ainger, for instance, a mediæval craftsman, set down in an English village in the twentieth century, whose work was good carpentry, whose pleasure was in the colour of things; Danvers, a broken-down singer; a cad called Topping, and Major Vassall. It is when Mr. Marriott elaborates that his agile imagination is in danger of carrying him away from that patient observation of life itself that must precede the creation of a character. His imagination still runs away with him sometimes, and it seems to us that Mrs. Arkell, Mrs. Dampier and Mrs. Winscombe all get out of hand occasionally. Laura, the heroine, is delightful at the beginning, if something of a prig. She is girlish and natural in the love scenes with Mark. She did not talk to him as she talked to her mother and guardian.

"I don't much care for roses," she said presently, apropos of nothing; "they're a Philistine flower when you come to consider. Of course I love them because they're beautiful, but," she knitted her brows in the endeavour to be precise, "there's a pious convention, a sort of constitution, bible, and beer privilege, given to the rose. I dislike affectation about anything beautiful; it degrades it. I remember when I was quite a little thing Miss Anderson told me I should not admire tulips. She gave me to understand that the tulip was not a proper example to little girls, 'flaunting,' I think she called it. Of course she was wrong; there's backbone, 'drawing,' as Cuthbert would say, in a tulip. Miss Anderson recommended the daisy."

"Very charming flower," said Major Vassall.

"Yes, but spoiled by being held up as an example. I shall always quarrel with Chaucer for his preference. It's a stupid, niggling little thing, it reminds me of the Brennan children; well-behaved, round-eyed, and always saying 'yes, please,' for more bread and butter. You never saw a daisy with jam on its pinafore."

"You're fanciful," said Mrs. Dampier, uneasily. She was a little shy of any discussion that reached beyond the spoken words.

One rather likes Mrs. Dampier for that.

But to return to Mark Surtees, the "big little man." The story centres about him. "Bread, water and blue sky" was the gospel of this photographer's apprentice who, on the day that his indentures end, starts out to live in the open air upon the small patrimony his father has left him. He loses his money, falls in love, makes £300 a year by taking nature photographs, and at a crisis of his life turns his back on an advantage that to a nature less fine than Mark's would have been a terrible temptation.

Mr. Marriott's style still needs a little pruning, and the dialogue does not always ring true. We have only known one mother intimately, and so we write at a disadvantage. There may be mothers in the world who speak to their

sons as Mrs. Arkell spoke to Cuthbert, but we have not met them. The remark in question was: "I can't have you a smug; you must be potentially a rip, or I shall despise you." Mr. Marriott's prose has colour, but like all keen phrase-makers he overdoes it at times, as in this passage:—

It was late evening in that month of the year which may be truly called regal. May is uncrowned, and across the front of July are blown the yellowing tokens of decay; but in fortunate summers June holds a court of leisured security where winds are forgotten, and the insidious feet of Time himself seem arrested as by a queen's command.

But that is preferable to slovenly writing. Mr. Marriott is never careless, and at its best his prose is very good.

Immortal Youth. By Morley Roberts. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

It is exhilarating to read about Youth whether it shape itself tragically, heroically, or for the mirth of mankind. For Youth is always the knight-errant seeking triumphs and temptations, Andromedas and Circes, with happy indifference to danger. "Even in Chelsea," one can hear Mr. Morley Roberts add, and indeed he is never tired of comparing his studios with the Venusberg and his young "ass of genius" with Tannhäuser. His story is an old one told with wonderful animation—the story of the young man from the provinces who sets forth to conquer artistic London. There, in Bohemia, he learns to shed the sawdust of Kant and Hegel and the petals of that "white flower" which Tennyson noticed in the buttonhole of the Prince Consort. Like Mr. Jefferson's "Coward," *Immortal Youth* is loud with brilliant, virile talk, which, one fancies, would have made Leonard Fairfield dumb with horror. But it is a far cry from Morley Roberts to Bulwer Lytton.

Mr. Roberts, as a metaphorist, is too nimble and pedantic, but the art of *eire perdue* inspires more than a phrase for him; it gives him an incident and a motif. To stand by swinging crucibles waiting for the casting of a woman's head is to be *tête-à-tête* with Romance. Thus stands Mr. Roberts' hero, and "oh that words were fiery sparkling bronze," cries the novelist, for that standing is the occasion of a falling in love. The morals of the book are neither pagan nor Christian, else had it been a tragedy. Commonsense crowns it, and so it is a rather daring book, if there be still those who see something sacred even in the marriage of Incompatibles. But the novelist who observes that "Monogamy is mostly confined to bachelors" might easily be a less sympathetic person than the Mr. Roberts who also remarks, "There are more Niobes weeping for the unborn than for those slain by the arrows of the god."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A WILFUL WOMAN.

By G. B. BURGIN.

We advance to this story via a "Dedication to the Late Mrs. Lynn Linton," a word "To the Reader," and a "Prologue," in each of which we gather some inkling of the Canadian story which follows. The story embodies what Mrs. Lynn Linton "conceived to be the true fate of 'Old Man' and his friends." To this inducement Mr. Burgin adds the explicit summons: "Come then, Gentle Reader, to the little village of Four Corners in the Ottawa Valley—the valley of the Great River—and shoot or be shot as Fate decrees. Waugh! I have spoken! Come." (Long. 6s.)

THE MILL OF SILENCE.

By BERNARD CAPES.

"Morning brought a pitcher of comfort with it on its gossamer wings." We open on this characteristic sentence in a story centred in a mill at Winton about which a legend of uncanniness had gathered. The chapter headings alone are sufficient indication of the sombre and tragical notes of the tale: "The Pool of Death," "Convict, but not Sentenced," "A Fearful Accident," "Who Killed Modred?" &c. (Long. 6s.)

THE PASSION OF MAHAEL.

By LILIAN BOWEN-ROWLANDS.

An American story of pathetic interiors, if we may coin a phrase. The story opens among fisher-folk on the coast of New England, and the first chapter at once reveals the trend of the story and arouses interest. Mahael Roche has married Lisbeth Evans in submission to his mother's wish, and in spite of his own, which was to marry Phoebe Walters. "Was thar nothin' else?" demands Mahael of her, when she is justifying her action. "'There was the money,' she answered feebly . . . Mahael brought down his clenched hand on the table, near which he was standing. 'Ay,' he cried, 'let's be truthful. Let's know wan another at least! It was the accursed money that did it.'" (Unwin. 6s.)

MRS. CLYDE.

By JULIEN GORDON.

The sub-title "The Story of a Social Career" well describes this clever and easily readable story of Mrs. Clyde's sworn resolution to penetrate into Boston society of fifty years ago. She begins badly with a heartless jilting and a mercenary marriage and a musical evening that failed, but the reader is quickly made aware that Mrs. Clyde may be depended on to show him sport. And sure enough he quickly finds himself following with admiration the social climb of this strong-minded woman, who married an old piano-maker and has to make assurance do the work of knowledge. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE VIRGINIAN.

By OWEN WISTER.

This story, dedicated "to Theodore Roosevelt," is a colonial romance laid in Wyoming between 1874 and 1890. Modern as it is "time has flown farther than my ink" is the author's remark when he asks: "What is become of the horseman, the cow-puncher, the last romantic figure upon our soil?" The story has reached its fifth edition in America, where one critic has remarked: "What Bret Harte did for the California of '49 Owen Wister has done and is doing for the Wyoming of twenty years ago." (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE BRANDED PRINCE.

By WEATHERBY CHESNEY.

A frankly sensational story in which Prince Ram Singh's disappearance is the central incident. The complications are as riotous as a story of this type demands. "The *London Evening Meteor* had a dilemma to put before its readers. *Vindex*, the inscrutable, mysterious head of the League of the Red Shamrock, had manifested himself in two places at the same time." (Methuen. 6s.)

MISS QUILLET.

By S. BARING GOULD.

Mr. Marmaduke, a solicitor with a fancy for chemistry, conducted an experiment in fulminants which resulted in an explosion. Hence the arrival at Westport of Mr. Marmaduke's sister and Miss Quillet, "a dapper little nurse." The story is full of incident, and rather recalls some of Mr. Baring Gould's earlier work. (Methuen. 6s.)

JAIR THE APOSTATE.

By A. G. HALES.

This is the story of Samson up to his betrayal by Delilah expanded into a six shilling story. Its *raison d'être* is somewhat elusive, and is certainly not explained by the author's cryptic preface about a brother war correspondent's return from the recent "sacking of Pekin by the troops of the Christian world." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery Lane.

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Hustle.

"FOUR COOLING NOVELS" is the heading of a New York publisher's advertisement page in a literary journal. We figure that New York is stuck on coolness, and the publishers are planning to meet up with the thermometer. Turning from journal to journal—in an hour when happier men are starting for Dartmoor or the Dolomites—we find a long display of "Summer Fiction," "Books for Summer Reading," "The Summer All Time," and "Good Books for Warm Weather." It is by a very easy transition that we pass from cooling novels like *The Spenders*, *The Misdemeanours of Nancy*, and *Jezebel* to cooling novelties offered by Wanamaker: men's outing clothes which attain "the top notch of coolness," and women's shirt-waists of which it is written: "A girl's bureau-drawer has always room for one more shirt-waist, just as an open car has for another passenger. And the girl's mother wouldn't be blameable, if she applied a rush-hour test to the capacity of the bureau, when pretty, cool, fresh summer waists bear such vastly shortened prices as to-day's offerings do." However, the cooling quality of a novel is not so easily estimated, and one firm, that would consider itself blameable to join in the fiction-fizz snap, takes the public by the button-hole in this fashion: "Did you ever reflect that the best winter fiction is just as good in summer? Take the work of an author like Mr. Howells. His new novel, *The Kentons*, was not written especially for summer. But for summer reading it is one of the wittiest, most entertaining novels possible to find. . . . So with Mr. Bangs' new *Olympian Nights*. It would be just as entertaining and funny in winter simply because it is really funny—the humorous adventures of a mortal among the modern, up-to-date gods of Olympus. Since the *House-Boat* Mr. Bangs has done nothing better. . . . Readers have already shown that Hamlin Garland's *Captain of the Gray Horse Troop* is not a summer novel. They bought it before summer began. They are still calling for it. It is a novel for all the time." As a rule it does not pay to argue with the public: what it likes is pat statements. The sale of *The Letters of Mildred's Mother to Mildred* will probably rise with the mercury on the strength of the fact that "Blakely Hall says of it: 'I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but you are turning out wonderful, accurate and convincing character studies in the Mildred's Mother articles. They are as refreshing and invigorating as showers on the hottest July day.'"

All this is but a small cross section of that wonderful literary hurly-burly which alarms us week by week in American journals. The effect is cumulative and therefore difficult to convey, but the Eureka-shouts of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, *Syracuse Herald*, *Philadelphia Item*, *Boston Transcript*, and innumerable other papers, to say nothing of the confident proclamations of publishers, and special communications to authors by critics

whose with kaleidoscopic names, are beginning to shake even American nerves and produce talk of reaction. "There are strong indications," says one sober organ, "that reaction from this mercantile excess, this flamboyant advertisement of wares of the brain and fancy, must come as a relief to the judicial and scholarly reader." It is amusing, too, to note that these feelings are sufficiently notorious to draw, even from the frenetic scribblers who have awakened them, disingenuous acknowledgments of their existence. Among "Four Absorbing Novels" we find one that is "a restful oasis in the waste of trumpery which so largely characterises the output of literary fiction in recent years." The waste of trumpery is indeed evident, but over it the breezes of critical trumpery blow without ceasing, or they are broken only by assumptions of superiority not so impressive as amusing. Thus the *American and Journal Saturday Review* turns momentarily from its "Plots of the Latest Novels" and its "Glimpses of the Literary Shop" to celebrate the Wisdom and Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, which it does by headlines twelve inches in length, and on cause shown:—

In these days, when a silly novel, devoid of all true literary merit and thought, reaches phenomenal sales, it is extremely gratifying to record the triumph of a book of real worth. Herbert Spencer's *Facts and Comments*, wherein the great philosopher sums up the principles that he has been expounding for half a century, has reached its fifth edition in a month. The *American and Journal Saturday Review* reviewed the book some time ago, and herewith prints some further extracts from its pages.

But the *Journal* will soon return to its—cooling novels and the "rush-hour test."

Not the least amusing thing about American book reviews and advertisements is a certain naive gravity, maintained on the edge of precipitous absurdity. Take the following:—

Oriental sumptuousness and splendor of description mark Mr. John W. Harding's biblical romance of war and politics under King Hezekiah and the great Sennacherib. The prophet Isaiah is one of the leading figures, and a singer called Naphtali the hero of a highly imaginative and effective bit of gorgeousness. *The Gate of the Kiss* (Lothrop) is the title, its application not becoming apparent until the crowning tragedy comes at the end of the book. The narrative is uniformly vivid and picturesque, and the story not improbable in spite of its distance in both time and place. Mr. Harding shows signs of familiarity with the higher criticism, and has utilised side lights from recently discovered secular history to eke out the scriptural narrative.

And this:—

One of the women writers of to-day who is doing excellent work is Miss Grace Denio Litchfield. Miss Litchfield is a New York woman by birth. Much of her early life was spent in repeated trips abroad. At one time she remained for six consecutive years in Europe, and since her return has made her home in Washington. She was in the great earthquake on the Riviera in 1887, when the wall of her room fell on her bed, miraculously leaving her uninjured. In consequence, her account of the earthquake in *In the Crucible* was written from actual experience.

And this of a novel called *The Mississippi Bubble*:—

The chief person is, of course, that intense figure of adventure and finance, John Law, of Lauriston, the man who drove half the old world crazy by the inflation of the new, and who, the bubble pricked, as lavishly returned half France to France and dropped from her sight forever, her curses ringing after him. Around this man's compelling comet of a life Mr. Hough has constructed a romance that runs like a smooth road over great mountains and into deep valleys, a road that glitters with the gems of cleverness and brilliancy.

Yet the piping far exceeds the dancing, and we are told that the period during which a popular American novel enjoys favour is "growing shorter all the time." We can believe it.

Now all this is the noise of a mighty nation turning the leaves of knowledge in the flush of youth. It is by following the columns of literary notes and queries in the American papers and magazines that one obtains something like a vision of these millions of readers who through all crudities and ignorances are trying to forge their way up the slopes of culture. As they stand, many of their questions and communications are revelations of intellectual innocence, and yet they are suggestive of a multitudinous striving of which the world will know more to-morrow. These be the firstlings of our scissors:—

"A SUBSCRIBER," West One Hundred and Eleventh Street, New York City: "Is Sir John Lubbock's list of the best 100 books to be had now?"

S. E. SMITH, Oyster Bay, N.Y.: "If you can, kindly print the poem, 'Aux Italiens,' by 'Owen Meredith.'"

GRACE DILLON, 5 Kenwood Road, Boston: "Kindly tell me something about Lavinia Walsh, author of *When the Dead Walk*. Is this her first novel?"

"J. M. W.," 372 West One Hundred and Twentieth Street, New York City: "In vain have I sought the authorship of these lines:—

"'Hope, the sweet bird, while that the air doth fill,
Let earth be ice—the soul hath Summer still.'"

X., Grindstone, N.Y.: "Be good enough to inform me who wrote these lines:—

"'Those who by due steps aspire
To lay their hands upon that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.'"

(3) I have seen somewhere a record or description of the longest sentence in the English language. Can you or any reader direct me to it?

"W. L. C.," Irvington, N.Y.: "Where can I find a passage enumerating several great men who delighted, when alone, in playing comical antics which would have been termed by the conventional masses childish, silly, or insane? One of these men, a Cardinal, I think, said to his fellow-gambolers, when he saw a dignified friend approaching the mansion: 'We fools must stop now; the wise men are coming,' or 'We must be wise now, the fools are coming'?"

[217] DEAR SIR ORACLE: "Was Omar Khayyâm the author of this quatrain?

"'Ha! see where the wild-blazing grog shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness roll,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years
The horrible light-house of hell!'"

HENRY E. LEGLER, office of Milwaukee Board of School Directors, Milwaukee, Wis.: "I am gathering data for a monograph on contemporary parodies of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' I shall appreciate the receipt of any information on this subject."

A GRATEFUL READER: "Please allow me to thank all who so kindly responded to my request for the names of such books as they had found most helpful to the 'higher or spiritual life.' Miss (or Mrs.) Tilston's last compilation, *Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Way*, is excellent, and nothing more fresh and helpful can be found than Dr. Babcock's *Thoughts for Everyday Living*, so wisely recommended by Miss MacIntosh. The pleasure and profit of the other 'Books of Refuge' suggested are yet in anticipation."

It is hustle and crudity all round, but a generation will arise which will discuss larger questions than "Does the type-writer affect literary style?" and read better books than those on which the Niagara of eulogy now pours tumultuous.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE publication of Taine's Correspondence, the first volume of which deals with early youth from 1847-53 (Hachette), is nothing less than a delight offered us. It would be difficult to name a more fascinating correspondence than

that which opens so charmingly with an expansive letter of a boy of twenty-one to an eminent and more importunate comrade, Prévost Paradol, after the winning of his *baccalauréat*. These young letters have all the freshness, the gravity, the adorable sincerity of youth. The lads are thinkers, anxious searchers after truth, austere philosophers, what you will, but they are delightfully lads all the same, and Taine at so early an age foreshadows in these bright, earnest and troubled letters the incomparable master of style and thought he was destined to become. When you read these brilliant, mature and intellectual letters of a youth of twenty-one, you are not surprised that the writer should have been, along with Renan, the dominant influence in French letters and French thought during the second half of the nineteenth century. Taine was the spirit of inquiry, and Renan the spirit of doubt, and together they form an inseparable image of austere culture, of high endeavour, of unquestioned purity of life, of character and of aim. Will French letters produce anything greater, anything as great for the succeeding generation? In the meanwhile our admiration is payment of a debt of lasting gratitude for such exalted and untiring labour as theirs.

Until near the end of the volume, the letters breathe of the most complete austerity, order and self-control, and then we are consoled by this harmless little outburst. Who in it will not recognise a passionate and incoherent hour long ago when the deities of unknown fervours were Byron, Shelley, George Sand? "I am writing nonsense. This gives me an occasion to consult you, psychologist, upon a personal psychological fact. What will you say of the strange state of contradiction I find myself in? I thought to turn to ice in the provinces. I diet myself with the purest of abstractions; it seemed to me I should cease to be a man and become a pure idea. Well, no, my friend; I have just been reading the *Compagnon du tour de France* of George Sand, and my soul is quite in eruption. My heart and brain are stirred in a physical and moral way I had no conception of, and that continues all the time. What is this living fountain of passions of all kinds opened within me? Why is my manner brusque, my speech precipitate, my language exalted? Whence is it that I am compelled to give up reading papers, to avoid all religious and political conversation, lest I should escape? Why at each moment do I feel the fiery and blind animal drag the reins at the least pretext and spring forward? There are days when I would gladly fight somebody, when I feel the need to give a spiritual or corporeal blow. What devil of a beast is aroused or awakened in me? Do you know it? I am heartily bored by it. Send me, if you can, the registration of its birth. Seriously, at this moment, if you were here, I should leap like a goat with you, and even now I am dancing a quantity of inward sarabands. It is but a remnant of the morning, the effect of George Sand."

The start at Nevers, in a provincial college, is most optimistic and contented. He is extravagantly wealthy on £60 a year, needing no distractions but his books and piano, no pleasures but solitude, coffee, and tobacco. Gradually these intellectual high spirits, this admirable serenity, this plenitude of content in mental travail gives way to the stealing depression of the provinces known to those who have enjoyed the copious stimulants of such an ardent, eager and intellectual centre as Paris. The young philosopher knows hours of wretched loneliness, with nobody to talk to, surrounded by provincial spies and brainless pupils. To these hours may be traced the antipathy he ever afterwards felt towards the narrow, gossip-loving provincial mind. It was a sad hour, too, for intellectual France, and many of his masters and comrades were compulsorily "tasting the air of the Boulevard de Gand" by order of "M. Bonaparte," as he calls the Emperor of the French, many not even for words they had uttered or spoken, but for thoughts they were supposed to

cherish; and because of these suspected thoughts of Taine, he, too, is driven from post to pillar, though not into exile, and refused his grade of doctor, because of his "scandalous" theory of the extended "moi." This is how he writes of his defeat to his sister Virginie: "My thesis has been definitely refused. Praise of the style, the workmanship, &c., but the ideas being new and the rule for the grade of doctor demanding new ideas, my thesis is not admissible. I was stupid enough to take literally the proclamation, the official statement, the door parade. These are but snares for idiots, and this is the true rule for the grade of doctor: to write two hundred empty pages, to analyse some old author, deservedly forgotten; to judge him according to conventional notions, and copy from the manual of one of these gentlemen. For that matter, it is the same everywhere. Everything has a false visage; by living I learn how to live. We shout aloud that we must be honest men; in practice we laugh at the idea, and the honest man is he who carefully adjusts his cravat and cheats in secret. Aloud ideas, discoveries are called for; and the truth is that commonplace, idle repetitions and copies are wanted. Now I understand why nearly all our masters seemed so dull to us. So they were, and because of it they got on." This is the pessimism of twenty-three after the first prolonged shock of experience, and though life may modify it afterwards, is it so essentially crooked? True there are not many countries in Europe nowadays where intellectuality is gagged as it was gagged under the Second Empire. Emile Deschanel, Haussenville, Havet, etc., could only open their mouths upon historical or literary matters in Belgium, and Taine, the most brilliant pupil who had left the École Normale, was systematically disgraced and threatened with destitution because a lying school-boy had reported him to have praised Danton. He was offered a sixth-rate college at Besançon, which was tantamount to dismissal, and at twenty-four we find him charmed to be again in Paris, revelling in freedom and cheerfully seeking to maintain himself by private lessons. A little thing pleases and buoys him up, and no wonder, since he is living in Paris. A walk in the Luxembourg Gardens, a talk with a lettered comrade, a concert. "His Majesty the Emperor is for me exactly as if he were not," he writes to his sister, "so having no longer on my back a rector and the espionage of the provinces, I am gay and contented." He gives lessons for two hours a day and earns £8 a month. "I don't know why the deuce I give lessons two hours a day, since the payment of one hour would suffice my needs. How am I to spend money? since spending implies time to spare and I have none. I'm accumulating for the King of Prussia." This is all unconsciously a grimly prophetic word uttered fantastically in 1853. "Suppose I were to spend thirty instead of twenty sous on my dinner, should I be any the happier?" Certainly not, with his indifference to every form of material pleasure, with his rigid austerity, his frugality. A youth who only sighs for independence, books, music, intellectual friendship, solid home affections, and country walks—it is not of such the spendthrift is fashioned.

H. L.

The Truth about an Author.

Chapters in Autobiography.

XV.

WHEN I had been in London a decade, I stood aside from myself and reviewed my situation with the godlike and detached impartiality of a trained artistic observer. And what I saw was a young man who pre-eminently knew his way about, and who was apt to be rather too complacent

over this fact; a young man with some brilliance but far more shrewdness; a young man with a highly developed faculty for making a little go a long way; a young man who was accustomed to be listened to when he thought fit to speak, and who was decidedly more inclined to settle questions than to raise them.

This young man had invaded the town as a clerk at twenty-five shillings a week, paying six shillings a week for a bed-sitting room, threepence for his breakfast, and sixpence for his vegetarian dinner. The curtain falls on the prologue. Ten years elapse. The curtain rises on the figure of an editor, novelist, dramatist, critic, and connoisseur of all arts. See him in his suburban residence, with its poplar-shaded garden, its bicycle-house at the extremity thereof, and its horizon composed of the District Railway Line. See the study, lined with two thousand books, garnished with photogravures, and furnished with a writing-bureau and a chair and nothing else. See the drawing-room with its artistic wall-paper, its Kelmscotts, its watercolours of a pallid but indubitable distinction, its grand piano on which are a Wagnerian score and Bach's Two-part Inventions. See the bachelor's bedroom, so austere and precise, wherein Boswell's *Johnson* and Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal* exist peaceably together on the night-table. The entire machine speaks with one voice, and it tells you that there are no flies on that young man, that that young man never gives the wrong change. He is in the movement, he is correct; but at the same time he is not so simple as not to smile with contemptuous toleration at all movements and all correctness. He knows. He is a complete guide to art and life. His innocent foible is never to be at a loss, and never to be carried away—save now and then, because an occasionally ecstasy is good for the soul. His knowledge of the *coulisses* of the various arts is wonderful. He numbers painters, sculptors, musicians, architects, among his intimate friends; and no artistic manifestation can possibly occur that he is unable within twenty-four hours to assess at its true value. He is terrible against *cabotins*, no matter where he finds them, and this seems to be his hobby: to expose *cabotins*.

He is a young man of method; young men do not arrive without method at the condition of being encyclopedias; his watch is as correct as his judgments. He breakfasts at eight sharp, and his housekeeper sets the kitchen clock five minutes fast, for he is a terrible Ivan at breakfast. He glances at a couple of newspapers, first at the list of "publications received," and then at the news. Of course he is not hoodwinked by newspapers. He will meet the foreign editor of the *Daily* — at lunch and will learn the true inwardness of that exploded *canard* from Berlin. Having assessed the newspapers, he may interpret to his own satisfaction a movement from a Mozart piano sonata, and then he will brush his hat, pick up sundry books, and pass sedately to the station. The stationmaster is respectfully cordial, and quite ready to explain to him the secret causation of delays, for his season-ticket is a white one. He gets into a compartment with a stockbroker, a lawyer, or a tea-merchant, and immediately falls to work; he does his minor reviewing in the train, fostering or annihilating reputations while the antique engine burrows beneath the squares of the West End; but his brain is not so fully occupied that he cannot spare a corner of it to meditate upon the extraordinary ignorance and simplicity of stockbrokers, lawyers, and tea-merchants. He reaches his office, and for two or three hours practises that occupation of watching other people work which is called editing: a process always of ordering, of rectifying, of laying down the law, of being looked up to, of showing how a thing ought to be done and can be done, of being flattered and cajoled, of dispensing joy or gloom—in short, the Jupiter and Shah of Persia business. He then departs, as to church, to his grill-room, where for a few moments himself and the cook hold an anxious consultation

to decide which particular chop or which particular steak out of a mass of chops and steaks shall have the honour of sustaining him till tea-time. The place is full of literary shahs and those about to be shahs. They are all in the movement; they constitute the movement. They ride the comic-opera whirlwinds of public opinion and direct the tea-cup storms of popularity. The young man classes most of them with the stockbroker, the lawyer, and the tea-merchant. With a few he fraternises, and these few save their faces by appreciating the humour of the thing. Soon afterwards he goes home, digging *en route* the graves of more reputations, and, surrounded by the two thousand volumes, he works in seclusion at his various activities that he may triumph openly. He descends to dinner stating that he has written so many thousand words, and excellent words too—stylistic, dramatic, tender, witty. There may be a theatrical first-night toward, in which case he returns to town and sits in the seat of the languid for a space. Or he stays within doors and discusses with excessively sophisticated friends the longevity of illusions in ordinary people. At length he retires and reads himself to sleep. His last thoughts are the long, long thoughts of his perfect taste and tireless industry, and of the æsthetic darkness which covers the earth.

Such was the young man I inimically beheld. And I was not satisfied with him. He was gorgeous, but not sufficiently gorgeous. He had done much in ten years, and I excused his facile pride, but he had not done enough. The curtain had risen on the first act of the drama of life, but the action, the intrigue, the passion seemed to hesitate and halt. Was this the artistic and creative life, this daily round? Was this the reality of that which I had dreamed? Where was the sense of romance, the consciousness of felicity? I felt that I had slipped into a groove which wore deeper every day. It seemed to me that I was fettered and tied down. I had grown weary of journalism. The necessity of being at a certain place at a certain hour on so many days of the week grew irksome to me; I regarded it as invasive of my rights as a freeborn Englishman, as shameful and scarcely tolerable. Was I a horse that I should be ridden on the curb by a Board of Directors? I objected to the theory of proprietors. The occasional conferences with the Board, though conducted with all the ritual of an extreme punctilio, were an indignity. The suave requests of the chairman: "Will you kindly tell us—?" And my defensive replies, and then the dismissal: "Thank you, Mr. —, I think we need trouble you no further this morning." And my exit, irritated by the thought that I was about to be discussed with the freedom that Boards in conclave permit themselves. It was as bad as being bullied by London University at an examination. I longed to tell this Board, with whom I was so amicable on unofficial occasions, that they were using a razor to cut firewood. I longed to tell them that the nursing of their excellent and precious organ was seriously interfering with the composition of great works and the manufacture of a dazzling reputation. I longed to point out to them that the time would come when they would mention to their friends with elaborate casualness and covert pride that they had once employed me, the unique me, at a salary measurable in hundreds.

Further, I was ill-pleased with literary London. "You have a literary life here," an American editor once said to me. "There is a literary circle, an atmosphere. . . . We have no such thing in New York." I answered that no doubt we had; but I spoke without enthusiasm. I suppose that if anyone "moved in literary circles," I did, then. Yet I derived small satisfaction from my inclusion within those circumferences. To me there was a lack of ozone in the atmosphere which the American editor found so invigorating. Be it understood that when I say "literary circles," I do not in the least mean genteel Bohemia, the world of informal At-Homes that are all formality, where

the little lions growl on their chains in a row against a drawing-room wall, and the hostess congratulates herself that every single captive in the salon has "done something." Such polite racketting, such discreet orgies of the higher intellectuality, may suit the elegant triflers, the authors of monographs on Velasquez, golf, Dante, asparagus, royalties, ping-pong, and Empire; but the business men who write from ten to fifty thousand words a week without chattering about it, have no use for the literary menagerie. I lived among the real business men—and even so I was dissatisfied. I believe too that they were dissatisfied, most of them. There is an infection in the air of London, a zymotic influence which is the mysterious cause of unnaturalness, pose, affectation, artificiality, moral neuritis, and satiety. One loses grasp of the essentials in an undue preoccupation with the vacuities which society has invented. The distractions are too multiform. One never gets a chance to talk commonsense with one's soul.

Thirdly, the rate at which I was making headway did not please me. My reputation was growing, but only like a coral-reef. Many people had an eye on me, as on one for whom the future held big things. Many people took care to read almost all that I wrote. But my name had no significance for the general public. The mention of my name would have brought no recognising smile to the average person who is "fond of reading." I wanted to do something large, arresting, and decisive. And I saw no chance of doing this. I had too many irons in the fire. I was frittering myself away in a multitude of diverse activities of the pen.

I pondered upon these considerations for a long while. I saw only one way out, and, at last, circumstances appearing to conspire to lead me into that way, I wrote a letter to my Board of Directors and resigned my editorial post. I had decided to abandon London, that delectable paradise of my youthful desires. A To-let notice flourished suddenly in my front-garden, and my world became aware that I was going to desert it. The majority thought me rash and unwise, and predicted an ignominious return to Fleet Street. But the minority upheld my resolution. I reached down a map of England, and said that I must live on a certain main-line at a certain minimum distance from London. This fixed the neighbourhood of my future home. The next thing was to find that home, and with the aid of friends and a bicycle I soon found it. One fine wet day I stole out of London in a new quest of romance. No one seemed to be fundamentally disturbed over my exodus. I remarked to myself: "Either you are a far-seeing and bold fellow, or you are a fool. Time will show which." And that night I slept, or failed to sleep, in a house that was half a mile from the next house, three miles from a station, and three miles from a town. I had left the haunts of men with a vengeance, and incidentally I had left a regular income.

I ran over the list of our foremost writers: they nearly all lived in the country.

(To be concluded.)

Charles Kegan Paul.

By One who Knew Him.

I REMEMBER "a rare afternoon," (as Stevenson afterwards called it) at the Savile Club, soon after the migration of its members to Piccadilly, when R. L. S. pulled out of his pocket an envelope he was on his way to deliver to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It was a letter of introduction from Walter Besant; and the favour seemed then to be all conferred upon Stevenson. Kegan Paul had published the *Donkey Journey* and the *Inland Voyage*, and no

particular advantage had accrued to the author; perhaps, if the truth were known, little enough to the publisher. The excellence of a first book is no guarantee of its success, so that Kegan Paul, who had read the early Stevenson MS., may surely have some credit in the acceptance of it; and that very success, if it comes, comes in a measure unexpectedly, and may easily cause expensive reprintings which leave an author with no more than £25 in his pocket at the end of the third edition. Kegan Paul was a fellow Savellian, and myself a true blue Stevensonian; so that the early dissolution of the partnership between the two as publisher and author was a little pang, which had its instant expression. "Oh, yes," said R. L. S. "Kegan is an excellent good fellow, but Paul is a"—publisher. The phrase at the end was a little more emphatic, but was uttered with a gaiety which made it almost a compliment. Assuredly it carried with it no personal slur. Yet I have always looked upon that distinction between the dual personality of the man and the publisher as the germ of Jekyll and Hyde. Other versions of that conception have been given, but I adhere to mine. Jekyll and Hyde, Kegan and Paul—the very names have a sort of aural association. But Stevenson, the artist, was not content with so very fanciful a division as that which separates business from pleasure, commerce with money from commerce with men, the man who gets from the man who gives; and all official allusions—where were never any personalities—the craftsman threw aside when he sat down to create a duality which was not to be this man's or that man's, but every man's.

Kegan Paul in those days was still the hope of authors. He was their fellow clubman; he had excellent taste; he had a pen of his own. They did not reckon with the great natural forces who believed that a golden day had dawned for the writer, when the man of schoolbooks had put them aside, and the parson had come forth from his rectory and knew no other Paternoster but the Square. Such a man, if you impersonalise him, given for the first time the opportunity of trading, will trade more closely, not more laxly, than his accustomed fellow. Now at last is his chance, he thinks; and he tightens the bargain. Moreover his timidity comes into play. Risks frighten him, and he schemes to lessen them. This is human nature, and perhaps Kegan Paul was not immune from the common tendency. At any rate the unreasonableness of the author, unversed in all the leakages of a publishing business, was sure to set that impression afloat. Be that as it may, by degrees Kegan Paul drifted out of the company of many of the writers with whom he had exchanged delightful hospitalities, though he always remained in general society a great favourite: a grave man, with serenity of discretion; a general lover of his race, but with a shrewdly sharp tongue for individual weaknesses; a man indeed of prejudices as well as of more agreeable prepossessions; seemingly aloof and independent, yet possessed, more than perhaps any man of his time, by the overmastering personalities of two men whose "acolyte" he was.

These were, of course, Kingsley and Newman. Strange indeed was this bridge between the two most diverse temperaments of the time; antagonists in body and soul. Yet Kegan Paul's handwriting was a combination of theirs, neat as Newman's but a little more impulsive. That is always a nice note of discipleship. Show me a sensitive man's handwriting, and I will name you his hero. It is a fancy, no doubt; but I have often wondered whether, had Kingsley outlived Newman, the influence of Newman would have become paramount. Kegan Paul got from Kingsley a healthy touch of East wind—wind, too, from the East End. He had, therefore, that love of the populace which Newman held in theory, but which frightened and turned him in its practical application. Newman never gave himself out to shake hands with his horny-handed brother, and he would rather have

walked a mile than exchange greetings with a village school child. Kegan Paul was nowhere happier than in a working-boys' club-room, and I used to notice that he travelled third-class on the Underground when he went Citywards from his house in Kensington Square: a freak of asceticism which perhaps did not mean so much to him as it would to others. An ascetic he was, however, an abstainer from tobacco and from wine, and from all the little levities of daily life. All this was discipline for him. Each day he was in training for the years when he had no pleasure in them; when he was racked by illness and tantalized by Death's coquetries, coquetries which sate and weary mortals,

Too sure
Of the amour.

And this when they endure but for weeks, whereas in his case they dragged on for years. Not for its poetry so much as for its perfect and appropriate sincerity a sonnet of his may be here set down:—

IN SPRING.

I hoped awhile that I had borne enough,
And found some respite: I admired the trees
Shaking their snowy blossom on the breeze,
Heard the gay thrush, and rooks, whose voices rough
In quarrel over bits of garden stuff,
Sounded to me like childhood's melodies,
And brought the memory of country leas,
And groves of elms beneath a sea-beat bluff.
Yet once again pain grips me as a foe:
Oh, grant me, Lord, to suffer and be still;
The country I would think on is the hill
Of Calvary; and may I only know
My crucifix and learn Thy gracious will,
All springtide sights and sounds I could forego.

This had he come to in the way of renunciation, he who had all his life—seventy-five years of it—been seeking for something. At Eton, first as a boy and afterwards as a master, at Exeter College, in his curacy at Great Tew (where five hundred souls lorded it over Little Tew with only half that number), and in the vicarage at Sturminster—all the time the man was being made. The Church of England was abandoned for Agnosticism. Then Positivism (which he defined as "Catholicism without God") drew him into larger relationships (for instance, he owed to Comte his acquaintance with the *Imitation of Christ*), and he crystallized at last into a fervent Roman Catholic, becoming so on the very day of Newman's death, not, in his opinion, by chance, but by an ordinance of Heaven. Newman's first task, as it were, on reaching thither had been to take the scales from his great admirer's shrewd, keen eyes which could not see till then, but which saw brightly thenceforth.

He wrote a life of Goodwin; he edited the letters of Mary Woolstonecraft; he published essays here and there, some of which were gathered into the volume entitled *Faith and Unfaith*; he translated *Faust* in one mood, Pascal's *Pensées* in another, and *En Route* in a later and a slightly mystifying one. Various little pamphlets of a controversial kind came later from his pen. Verses also he published privately and publicly. Some pleasant lines of his were spoken as an epilogue after the performance of "Love's Labour's Lost" by an amateur company of players at the house of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. He may or may not have printed them in a book. I do not know at the moment, but I remember that these were among them:—

Lady, to whom we owe these pleasant days,
Whose gracious kindness lent our players space,
Who, spite of suffering, turned to each with smile—
And the warm greeting of your Western Isle,
Republican or Tory, wise or fool,
We all are converts to your sweet Home-Rule.

And so on—polite, colourless, admirably discreet—yet betraying, perhaps, in the juxtaposition of words that to Kegan Paul also was the Tory party, the foolish one. Paul was also among the editors; and nobody who looks at the old numbers of *The New Quarterly* will deny that he managed to get together some brilliant stuff. Mr. Hardy's "Distracted Young Preacher" was there; and Mr. George Meredith's "Nuptials of Attila;" and Stevenson's ever delightful and sort of half-suppressed "Story of a Lie." That Kegan Paul lost Stevenson as a client is an unlucky comment on a favourite observation of his own that a publisher with real literary taste is handicapped because he takes unsuccessful good things, and rejects successful bad ones. Kegan Paul would have been a richer man had he realised Stevenson's excellence and its popular affinities. Tennyson's publisher he ceased to be because Tennyson's dreams of royalties were beyond the publisher's dreams of possible realities in cash returns. Of Sir Lewis Morris he was the publisher, but not, by choice, a reader. He had in Austin Dobson a faithful client; Mr. Pollard was of his later company of workers and close friends; so was Mr. Laurence Housman; Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, whose publisher he was, might be counted among the latest poets to visit at his bedside. He it was who first published, and at his own risk, Miss Alice Thompson's *Preludes*; and he read them in MS. to George Eliot. As a pioneer, however, his honourable service had, I think, its crown in the case of Thomas Hardy, whom he enthusiastically admired when such admirers were as few as they are now abounding. In the days of his Dorset vicarage he had gone out to hold converse with the rustic. These rural friendships were renewed again in the pages of Thomas Hardy, whose writings made therefore a beloved link between the old life and the new. A contrary impression is given by the writer of the *Times* obituary notice of Kegan Paul, but in fact he had no interest for several years past in the firm which still bears his name.

These very slight and rapid reminiscences may easily fail to convey to the reader the gravity, the correctitude, the sterling uprightness of the character they essay to sketch. In turning to last things, one thinks of Kegan Paul, very detached from this world's goods, but rich in unseen treasure of which his own hand has made the inventory:—

Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit; but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. . . . I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of penance on that 12th of August, the fervour of my First Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and the friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church; but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes; but this he could say with unfaltering certainty: "One thing I know—that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Drama.

Some Plays and an Opera.

LAST week an excellent Parisian company from the Variétés has been playing "La Veine" of M. Alfred Capus, and this week it is playing "Les Deux Ecoles" of the same entertaining writer. The company is led by

Mme. Jeanne Granier, an actress of real power and skill in comedy, who has never been over here before. She brings with her M. Guitry, who has been here with Sarah Bernhardt; M. Brasseur, Mme. Lavallière, and other clever comedians, who go together with an astonishing accuracy and celerity. I have been amused to see a discussion in the papers as to whether "La Veine" is a fit play to be presented to the English public. "Max" has defended it in his own way in the *Saturday Review*, and I hasten to say that I quite agree with his defence. Above all, I agree with him when he says: "Let our dramatic critics reserve their indignation for those other plays, in which the characters are self-conscious, winkers and gigglers over their own misconduct, taking us into their confidence, and inviting us to wink and giggle with them." There, certainly, is the offence; there is a kind of vulgarity which seems native to the lower English mind and to the lower English stage. M. Capus is not a moralist, but it is not needful to be a moralist. He is a skilful writer for the stage, who takes an amiable, somewhat superficial, quietly humorous view of things, and he takes people as he finds them in a particular section of the upper and lower middle classes in Paris, not going further than the notion which they have of themselves, and presenting that simply, without comment. We get a foolish young millionaire and a foolish young person in a flower shop, who take up a *collage* together in the most casual way possible, and they are presented as two very ordinary people, neither better nor worse than a great many other ordinary people, who do or do not do much the same thing. They at least do not "wink or giggle"; they take things with the utmost simplicity, and they call upon us to imitate their serene unconsciousness. Think of England, and think of the "Country Mouse"! I am not exactly complaining of the morals of that play; I am only recalling them.

Then for the other question, the question of art. A few days after seeing "La Veine," I went to Wyndham's Theatre to see a revival of Sir Francis Burnand's "Betsy." "Betsy," of course, is adapted from the French, though, by an accepted practice which seems to me dishonest, in spite of its acceptance, that fact is not mentioned on the play bill. But the form is undoubtedly English, very English. What vulgarity, what pointless joking, what pitiable attempts to serve up old impromptus *réchauffés*! I found it impossible to stay to the end. Some actors, capable of better things, worked hard; there was a terrible air of effort in these attempts to be sprightly in fetters, and in rusty fetters. Think of "La Veine" at its worst, and then think of "Betsy"! I must not ask you to contrast the actors; it would be almost unfair. We have not a company of comedians in England who can be compared for a moment with Mme. Jeanne Granier's company. We have here and there a good actor, a brilliant comic actor, in one kind or another of emphatic comedy; but wherever two or three comedians meet on the English stage, they immediately begin to check-mate, or to outbid, or to shout down one another. No one is content, or no one is able, to take his place in an orchestra in which it is not allotted to every one to play a solo.

On Friday night I had the pleasure of leaving the drama for the opera, and of hearing the first performance in England of "Der Wald" of Miss E. M. Smyth. It was followed by another new English opera, "La Princesse Osra" of Mr. Herbert Bunning, and when I heard the beginning of "La Princesse Osra" I began to think even more highly than I had already thought of "Der Wald." Miss Smyth is a musician, Mr. Bunning writes tunes. Miss Smyth has feeling, atmosphere, a certain kind of sincerity; Mr. Bunning writes tunes. I sat through a part of "La Princesse Osra" with difficulty; I should like to hear "Der Wald" again. Music, if it has any message for one, is not easy to decipher at a first reading, and I do not feel certain that I know exactly how far the writer of "Der Wald"

has gone, exactly what she has expressed. The music owed so much to Wagner that I was scarcely sure if, here and there, I heard an individual voice speaking. It tries to speak a little differently from Wagner, consciously; but what is least like Wagner is unfortunately not what is best. Miss Smyth has a genuine musical temperament, and she has great technical skill. She holds the orchestra with a firm hand, and she makes it go her own way. She has a feeling for poetry, which she shows both in her words and in her music, though she lacks the energy to keep either words or music continually interesting, continually significant. The music always means something, but it does not always mean something with sufficient intensity. A wind begins to stir the leaves of the forest, they rustle as if about to break into a divine song, but the voices delay. Yet the wind is there, and the leaves rustle under the wind.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Art.

Sculpture: Emotional and Otherwise.

I SAW it first at three in the morning—that intermediary hour of quietness before the night workers have begun to go home. At that quiet hour, beneath the pale beginnings of dawn, London's monuments and buildings become new. The still statues starting up from the empty streets take on something of the indefinite potentiality of another day. So I was thinking as I came down the slope into Trafalgar Square, when on the island between the National Gallery and St. Martin's Church I saw something strange and attractive that had sprung—so it seemed—from the ground the night before. It was new to me, and it was unlike any other statue I had ever seen. Had it not been for the very real figures of printers drinking coffee from a stall at its base, I could have believed that I was looking upon the delusion of a dream. The statue was shrouded in a dark green garment, that covered the rider's body, but the cloth hung short of the tassels of the camel's saddle. That, with the animal's legs, and the symbol that the rider carried—an ashe stick—were bare. The rest was hidden. The other statues of London were open to the day. This had the mystery of the unrevealed. The cloth fell into its own graceful lines, and I could have wished that so it would always remain, with the camel's queer, stalking legs beneath, and that ash stick in the rider's hand pointing over London. Last Saturday this fine statue of Gordon was unveiled: soon it will be on its way to Khartoum, but I shall always think of this group as I saw it shrouded on that midsummer dawn, hiding while it revealed, revealing while it hid.

It was Blake who said that the Venus of Milo was not made but set free from the block, a remark that nineteen out of twenty treat with laughter or scorn. One in twenty is about the proportion of those who care for sculpture, but that lonely twentieth cares for it very much. Sculpture can be, and often is hideous, but there are certain plaster things that give those whose temperament inclines to form rather than to colour, a delight that a picture cannot impart. A small bronze of the Wingless Victory, of the right colour, standing alone, will glorify a room.

Public monuments must be heroic and imposing. The French understand this. Our public monuments are all too small, and often dull. Mr. Onslow Ford has shown us the pictorial possibilities of the camel. Why does no sculptor exploit the elephant? Then there is the Block-house. What fitter memorial of the Boer War than a Block-house rising in the midst of Hyde Park with soldiers grouped around, sentries pacing beyond the protecting wire, and an officer on the top peering through his field

glasses. Or, why should not New Zealand subscribe for a mammoth reproduction in imperishable bronze of F. C. G.'s cartoon? I mean the one where Lord Kitchener, hearing a footfall on the veldt, pushes his head through an opening in the tent and cries: "Good heavens! It's Seddon!"

But such large notions are for the consideration of public bodies, touching the individual first as a ratepayer, as an artistic unit afterwards. He, if he be one of those to whom form appeals, gratifies himself with the sight of, or possibly the purchase of, smaller specimens, austere or emotional rather than heroic. For him are waiting at this moment two exhibitions of bronzes and marbles, one by a Russian, the other by an Englishman. Both scorn the dreary classicalism of Gibson and his school, with their vapid Hebes, Psyches, and Auroras; both recognise that they are living in their own day and not in a world peopled with conventional figures from the Greco-Roman mythology; both use their eyes, and have felt what they have created.

Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, whose bronzes may be seen at the galleries of Messrs. Obach & Co., is the calmer temperament of the two. A Russian, his work has something of the large simplicity and broad workmanship of the Russian novelists. It is neither passionate nor emotional. It shows strong feeling, but it is the feeling of primal man undisturbed by the complexities of an artificial civilization. "Mother and Child, seated," "Mother and Child, standing," "Mare and Foal," "Cow and Calf"—such are his themes. Or he will model a "Camel," or a "Cow Grazing," or a "Girl Tying Her Hair." Unambitious, plain to the eye, the wayfaring man, if he were in the habit of quoting Mr. Henry James, would agree with the superior person that they are the "real, right thing." But if Prince Troubetzkoy's bronzes are unambitious, they are far from being commonplace. Only a strong nature, and a purpose, simple and sincere, could fix upon a common theme, and illuminate its homeliness by not looking at it in the common way. The "Mother and Child" motive in art has been sentimentalised till it has become as tiresome as the wronged woman in black of melodrama; but this Russian, with his serious eyes, and his blunt, yet vivacious treatment of his material, has given virgin freshness to the immemorial theme. It is like falling in love oneself after a twelvemonth's reviewing of sentimental novels. Troubetzkoy sees his creations steadily and whole. They have proportion. The details do not cry aloud for notice, but modestly assist the general design. The flying angels on the front face of the pedestal of his Dante, the writhing figures in the sea of ice beneath, but lead up to, and emphasise the figure of the poet that stands above bronze-frozen in thought.

Mr. Taubman, whose bronzes may be seen at the Ryder Gallery, is less detached from his material than his brother artist. The Russian's work is austere: his is emotional, poignantly so sometimes. He uses the clay with the intention of expressing the uttermost abandon of passion, yearning and despair, a perfectly proper use of sculpture if the artist succeeds in rousing in the beholder the emotion that he felt. Sometimes Mr. Taubman succeeds. Not, I think, in his "Too Late," the head of a drowning man about to be engulfed. Neither did another study, a proud defiant head called "The Unconquered" convey the full emotion that the sculptor presumably felt when modelling it. But his "After Much Tribulation," the lips of a man and woman meeting above their tremulous shoulders, certainly gives in bronze something of Matthew Arnold's "eternal passion! eternal pain." There is more reticence in his group, an upright, of "Orpheus and Eurydice." The young, lithe figures are finely modelled. Orpheus has just turned, and stretching forward tries to seize Eurydice as she sinks back into the shades. Pleasant to the eye, if piteous in subject, are the long white lines

of "Love's Derelicts," two figures stretched at full length, pale and spent, the woman long past suffering, the man in agony, being borne away into unpeopled space. Mr. Taubman belongs, it will be seen, to the emotional school, but he also has his ordinary moods, as when he produced an admirable "Dustman" and an excellent "Golfer."

Sculpture in this country is just tolerated—hardly more. It is quite good form to skip the sculpture room of the Royal Academy. Indeed so unfrequented is that room that anybody who examines the sculptures of the year seriously becomes at once noticeable. He is watched from the doorway. Even the loiterers round the temporary "Gordon on a Camel," in St. Martin's Place, regard it with an expression which says plainly: "Yes! but what is it doing here?" Still, as a nation, we are gradually getting away from the idea that a monument should be something rising from the ground so big that you cannot possibly miss it. The Nelson column, for example, or the granite monolith "In Memory of Speke," that juts up from the grass in Kensington Gardens. That is restful at any rate, and the name that is carved upon it has power to start the imagination scampering through continents. "Speke, whilst travelling alone in Africa, discovered the Victoria Nyanza." What a line of biography! For Speke, perhaps, this granite monolith masterfully breaking the symmetry of Kensington Gardens is enough. What but a granite monolith could go with the statement:—"Speke, while travelling alone in Africa, discovered the Victoria Nyanza." C. L. H.

Science.

The Absurdities of the Almanack.

It is said that this is the season when the compilers of almanacks set about to prepare their productions for the following year. I know not if this is so; but if it is, and they happen to be afflicted with a sense of humour, they must laugh like Cicero's augurs when they consider the ineptness of our calendar. With a name derived, it is said, from the Roman Calends—by which we no longer reckon—it seems to have been carefully arranged to correspond to nothing either in nature, history, or convenience. As its last reformation took place in the Christian Era, the year might be supposed to begin with the Birth of the Founder of Christianity. But, while this took place—or at least is celebrated—on the 25th December, the first day of the year is postponed to seven days later. The most natural day for the beginning of the year would, of course, be the spring equinox when the days first prevail over the nights, and Nature, as they used to say, awakens. Yet this date is entirely unmarked in our calendars, and it is only with some difficulty that we discover it to be the 21st of March. Nor is the end of the year determined in a more rational manner than the beginning. The earth completes its revolution round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours and a fraction. But we have arranged the civil year so that it consists of three hundred and sixty-five days only, and we have therefore to intercalate an extra day every fourth year to make up the difference. If we look at the names of the divisions of our year, we find ourselves confronted with a system so confusing to our modern ideas that it seems as if it must have been invented by mandarins. The days of the week are dedicated to the sun and moon, to the Saturn of the Roman mythology, to the Woden, Thor, and Freya of the Scandinavian, and to a seventh god so obscure that it is extremely difficult to discover any reference to him in any document of antiquity. The months are in like manner named after two Christian saints, Januarius and Februarius, the Roman Mars, a word which is said to refer to the annual open-

ing of the earth, the nymph Maia, the goddess Juno, the first two Cæsars, and—worst absurdity of all—the numbers seven, eight, nine, and ten, which we carefully apply to the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months respectively. A large part of Christendom, although it accepts these heathen appellations, still enjoys a different arrangement of the year from the rest of it, so that the Russians and other nations belonging to the Orthodox Church celebrate Mars and the other heathen deities at a different time from ourselves. But the greatest inconvenience of all is the clumsy arrangement by which the days of the week and the days of the month fail to correspond from year to year, so that it requires much calculation before we can ascertain whether the 25th of December or any other day will fall on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday.

The greater part of this confusion comes, of course, from the objection which Europeans—unlike our new allies, the Japanese—have always felt to breaking entirely with the past. Before the beginning of the Julian Era, there does not seem to have been any system in Europe at all, while the Easterns calculated their calendars from events distinguished from the point of view of their different religions. When Julius Cæsar, stirred up thereto, it is said, by the representations of those Alexandrian astronomers who were the pioneers of Western science, decreed that the year should thenceforth consist of three hundred and sixty-five days with an extra day inserted every fourth year, he did much to bring order out of chaos. Unfortunately, he was not aware that the solar year, instead of consisting of six hours more than three hundred and sixty-five days, really enjoys a superiority of only five hours, forty-eight minutes, forty-five seconds and a half, with the result that the Julian year gained upon the solar at the rate of about three days in four hundred years. Thus the spring equinox instead of arriving every year on the 21st of March, gradually receded to the 10th, and would have gone on receding until it corresponded with the beginning of the civil year on the 1st of January, had not Pope Gregory XIII., under the inspiration of the astronomer Louis Lelio, decided upon suppressing the inconvenient ten days, and decreed that the day after the 4th of October 1582 should be called the 15th. By doing so, he annulled a number of saints' days, including the festivals of Bishop Remigius, Pope Callixtus, and St. Ursula and her virgins, which had to be transferred to other dates, but he restored the Christian calendar to something like correspondence with Nature, and the new system was instantly adopted by France and other Catholic countries. Our own country, as became a Protestant land always indifferent to logic, held out against the proposed reform until 1752, since when the only attempt to reform the calendar has been that of the French Revolutionists during the Reign of Terror. Their system of Germinal, Florial, Prairial and the rest, had the advantage of possessing poetical names which really corresponded to the phenomena of the meteorological or agricultural year, but it had also the great drawback of being inapplicable save to the climate of France; while its division of the year into weeks of ten days instead of seven involved a greater change of habits than the most determined revolutionaries cared to put up with.

Can anything now be done to remedy the anomalies of the existing state of things? M. Camille Flammarion, to whose articles in astronomical journals I am much indebted for my facts, thinks so. The inconvenience caused by the falling of New Year's Day upon different days of the week in successive years, he would at once do away with by making the year to consist of three hundred and sixty-four days divided into fifty-two equal weeks of seven days each. The remaining day he would put into no month, but would have observed—as it now is in most Continental countries—as a public holiday. In bissextile, or leap year, this complementary

day would be doubled, although he rather inclines to the reserving of these intercalary days until seven are in hand, when a whole week's holiday would be given to the greater and, as we think, the most important, part of the human race. He would further make the civil to correspond with the solar year by transferring his New Year's Day to what is at present the 21st of March, while he would alter the present ridiculous names of the twelve months into those which he says are alone worthy of "the qualities or at least the intellectual tendencies of humanity" such as Truth, Science, Wisdom, Justice, Honour, Kindness, Love, Beauty, Humanity, Happiness, Progress, and Immortality. The year would thus be divided as at present into quarters, the first month of each quarter containing thirty-one, while the remaining two months would contain only thirty days. Thenceforward, every New Year would commence on a Monday and would end on Sunday, and the days of the week would correspond in every year.

Is there any chance of such a reform being adopted? Personally, I should say not the slightest. Rational and sensible as M. Flammarian's new calendar is, the names of his months smack too much of what our grandfathers called Sansculottism to be acceptable to autocrats like the Czar and the German Emperor. His proposal, tentative as it is, for a whole week's holiday would involve too great a dislocation of trade to recommend itself to nations of shop-keepers like ourselves and our American cousins, and the same objection would probably apply, though with less force, to the addition of one more *dies non* in every year to the number that already exist even in Protestant countries. Nor does it overcome the objection, which most of us having correspondents in distant colonies have felt, that the calendar cannot be made to correspond with the seasons all over the world, which could indeed only be effected by a re-arrangement on astronomical grounds that would commend itself to nobody. This is the more serious, because all new inventions—etheric telegraphy, aerial navigation, and improvements in locomotion by land and sea—seem to be tending to an annihilation of time and space which will bring the nations of the earth nearer to each other than they have ever been before. But even if these objections could be overcome, the reform of the calendar is an undertaking so serious that it is not likely to take place except after some great change in our political or religious institutions such as would be produced by the Social Revolution that certain dreamers talk about. Failing this, it will probably be postponed till the Greek Kalends.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

Kensington Gardens.

SIR,—I have been endeavouring in vain to identify the spot in Kensington Gardens to which Matthew Arnold refers in his well-known lines:—

In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine trees stand.

After diligent search I have only been able to find one Scotch fir, a very old one, about fifty yards west of the tea-house, and it does not stand at the end of any glade. I should be glad if any of your readers could throw light on the matter. Is it possible that there were some firs which have disappeared?—Yours truly,

R. G. ALFORD.

British Branch of the International Society for Franciscan Study.

SIR,—It is probable that many of your readers will be enough interested in the movement for forming an international society for the study of Franciscan literature to care to see the first prospectus and rules of the society founded at Assisi on June 1 of this year.

Some of us are anxious to form a British branch of this international society, and we shall do this with the full concurrence of Mr. Sabatier, who will meet the members of this society next year in London and deliver an address. Meanwhile, if any of your readers are interested in this British branch will they correspond with the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, St. Mark's, Marylebone, who will act as hon. secretary *pro tem.*—Yours truly,
H. D. RAWNSLEY,

Mr. G. S. Layard's "Gentle Art of Book Lending."

SIR,—Your reviewer of "The Gentle Art of Book Lending" in this week's ACADEMY is not very encouraging to anyone who may think of copying Mr. Layard's experiment, but as he seems to have fully taken to heart the advice of Polonius, at any rate to the extent of not being a lender, and as he admits that his sentiments are "abominably selfish," one may well hope that he is an exception. No one, of course, likes his books injured, but even on the bookshelves dust and gas "doth corrupt," and so far as the Malvern Federated Library is concerned nothing but what one may call fair wear and tear has resulted from seven years' lending, certainly nothing like maltreatment.

The originators of the scheme would not wish to pose as altruists. They wished to benefit themselves as well as others, and to many of us who have no other means of getting at books of reference the scheme has proved of inestimable value. It would probably still exist had not several of those who had the largest number of books left the town. Anyone wishing to try the experiment elsewhere can have a free copy of the pamphlet on application to the author of "The Gentle Art of Book Lending," c/o. Messrs. Stevens & Co., Malvern. The members of the defunct library would be delighted to hear that the scheme had been successfully launched elsewhere.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SPARKES
Malvern. (Late Hon. Librarian, M.F.L.).

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 148 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best paper on any subject suggested by an article or paragraph in that issue. We award the prize to Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd, 66, Guilford Street, Russell Square, for the following:—

Mr. Symons's paper suggests the old antithesis between the intuition of genius and the lucidity of logic. Undoubtedly there are some through whom the god speaks and whose utterance is tragic poetry. But to others the god has whispered and they, with the awe of the message still in their hearts, face the incongruity of the actual while remembering the glamour of the dream: theirs is the irony of comedy. The one, poet or actor, consumed by an inward fire, is unconscious *maiorque videri nec mortale sozans*. The other, poet or actor, seeks consciously to illumine a moment and a phase by

which men may judge of time and life. Some interpret man governed by the implacable necessity of Nature. Others depict men playing at liberty within the barred circle of their freedom: such are Molière, the prose creator, and Coquelin, the artist who is conscious always of his art.

Other papers follow:—

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

I am not proposing just now to examine carefully Stevenson's spiritual relation to Scotland, but I must thank you for the suggestion. The undignified and clumsy method of literary criticism which consists in tracing merely the physical genealogy of great writers as if they were pedigreed like horses and dogs is, I hope, passing away. A thousand times more vital and accurate—when we have the senses to observe—is the method suggested in your article. Spiritual relationship! What a scope there for subtle insight, for purely intellectual and purely emotional observation! And how different from the hobnailed guessing at spiritual causes from physical effects. I can imagine a Walter Pater writing just such an article as you suggest; but I cannot imagine him troubling overmuch about the obscure yeomen who may or may not have had the germs of Stevenson's qualities. I look forward to seeing fewer and fewer pedigree portraits, and more "Imaginary Portraits"—more portraits, that is, constructed with imaginative insight into spiritual ancestry and relationships.

[A. R. O., Leeds.]

In Mr. Symons's article last week, an allusion to Huneker's instructive and delightful book on Chopin sets one wishing that music was richer in historians, critics, and recorders of impressions. Why is so much written that is interesting concerning books and writers, art and artists, science and scientists, and so little appealing to the music-lover or helping him in his art? The spirit of music is often starved out for want of contact with other people's ideas. For many there is no attainable atmosphere of kindred spirits, and few opportunities of hearing good performances. The musical papers fall far short of their possibilities, and few critics are capable of really illuminative articles. I find even a list of the existing literature of music hard to come by. Will no one come to the rescue with some "instructive and delightful books"?

[M. M. B., St. Andrews, N.B.]

"The Bookworm" says of Palgrave that "in printing one of Darley's best pieces in the *Golden Treasury* he attributed it to 'Anon,' and placed it in the Elizabethan or Jacobean section." Why does not "The Bookworm" tell us what the piece in question is? We might then mark it "Darley" in our *Golden Treasury*, or set ourselves to discover why Palgrave ought to have known that this is not seventeenth century English.

As a matter of fact, the poem in question (beginning with the words "It is not beauty") does not appear in modern editions of the *Golden Treasury*. "The Bookworm" might surely have mentioned this. His ambiguous phrase has set some of us hunting through the Elizabethan and Jacobean sections in a vain search for a poem that could be Darley's.

[J. E. S., Nottingham.]

"THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT."

Some critics are surprised that anyone should take Mr. Crosland seriously, but the reason is simple: there are foolish persons even in Scotland!

He had apparently two laudable ambitions—to be considered a humourist, and to get his books advertised inexpensively. In one of these he has certainly succeeded, and *The Egregious English* should outsell even *The Unspeakable Scot*.

As a humourist he naturally prefers the easy method of distortion; but the broad grin of the mountebank is too obvious, marring the desired effect, instead of enhancing it by outward solemnity.

One who excites a hearty laugh may be no more a good humourist than a mere fault-finder prove an expert critic.

Sydney Smith is alleged to have once attempted a joke at the expense of my compatriots; but most other Englishmen still fail to appreciate it, as they persistently tell it in the wrong way—the Crosland way.

[J. F. M., Edinburgh.]

"THE GENTLE ART OF BOOK LENDING."

In reviewing Mr. G. S. Layard's "The Gentle Art of Book Lending," the gentleman who does the Gentle Art of Bookworming for the ACADEMY is hardly impressive. There is a Spanish proverb which says, "Justice, but not in my own house." Mr. Bookworm says, in effect, "Altruism by all means, but not for this Joseph."

If any preacher were to make reservations in his own favour, his pulpit would cease to command respect. Surely your reviewer is not prepared to take as his motto Ovid's well-known lines, "Video

meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." If he is he will, I think, hardly maintain those traditions of which the ACADEMY has so good a reason to be proud.

Further than this, judging from his other remarks, Mr. Bookworm does not seem to have burrowed as deeply as is his wont into a book which deserves his fullest consideration.

[R. L., Warminster.]

In Mr. Symons's paper on Coquelin, I find an apparently illogical flaw in the otherwise lucid and compact reasoning of your dramatic critic. He rightly implies that it is the chief business of the comedian to make us laugh, and his statement to the effect that he (the comedian) deals with "characteristics that strike the intelligence" is also generally correct; but there is surely a mistake at the end of the paragraph where we read that laughter is a thing wholly independent of mood. Is not laughter rather the result of mood, the vocal bubbling, as it were, of the inward effect, or mood, caused by the comedian by his "characteristics"? Mood is not wholly concerned with "moodiness." There are happy, laughing moods, surely. A particular mood is generated, and we laugh: how can such laughter be "wholly independent"?

[H. M., Hampstead Road, N.W.]

Forty-three other papers received.

Competition No. 149 (New Series).

On the suggestion of a correspondent we offer this week a prize of one guinea for the best paper on a daily compulsory walk, as distinct from a recreative walk. Papers to be about 250 words in length.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 30 July, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Brooks (Rt. Rev. Phillips), *The Law of Growth*.....(Macmillan) 6/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Foster (Joseph), *Some Feudal Coats of Arms*.....(Parker) 12/6
Parliament Past and Present, Vol. I.....(Hutchinson)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Gould (S. Baring), *Britany*.....(Methuen) 3/0
Child (Harold), *Stratford-on-Avon*.....(Richards) net 2/0
Smith (Wm.), *Evesham and the Neighbourhood*...(Homeland Association) net 1/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Racine's *Athalie*, Edited by F. C. De Sumichrast.....(The Macmillan Co.) 3/6

NEW EDITIONS.

The Edinburgh Edition of Thomas Carlyle: *The French Revolution*
(Chapman and Hall) net 2/0
World's Classics: *Robinson Crusoe*.....(Richards) 1/0
Edinburgh Folio Shakespeare: *King John*.....(Richards)
Ainsworth (Harrison), *Bookwood*.....(Gibbings)

MISCELLANEOUS.

McKenzie (F. Q.), *The American Invaders*.....(Richards) net 2/6
Kanala's *Letters to Her Husband* (English Publishing House, Mylapore, Madras)
Country Life: Vol. xl.....(Newnes)

SIXPENNY NOVELS.

L'Epine (Charles), *The Devil in a Domino*.....(Greening)
Pemberton (Max), *Cronstadt*.....(Cassell)
Kennard (Mrs. E.), *Straight as a Die*.....(Milne)
Hope (Anthony), *Zenda*.....(Arrowsmith)
Sladen (Douglas), *My Son Richard*.....(Treherne)

PERIODICALS.

Forum, Revue de Paris, American Historical Review, Cassell's Journal Folklore Society, English Illustrated, London Magazine, Chamber's Journal, Manchester Quarterly, Mind, St. George, English Historical Review, Church Quarterly, Jewish Quarterly, Magazine of Art, Leisure Hour, Royal, Sunday at Home, Girl's Own Paper, Boy's Own Paper, Woman at Home.

